

NOBODY'S DAUGHTER.

BY HELEN LEQUEER.

To and fro over her clean and white kitchen floor tramped buxom Mrs. Taylor, spinning long threads of mixed yarn. The cat dozed upon the red brick hearth, the bees were humming through the hop-vines that shaded the little back porch, and the wheel within doors droned an accompaniment to their music, and entirely drowned the step which came soft and quick along the gravelled walk. Then the shadow of a tall stately lady darkened the room. It attracted the attention of the spinner, who paused abruptly, and with undisguised surprise upon her round red face. She saluted her visitor with great perturbation, and led the way into the little parlor, which rejoiced in its snowy curtains, neat rag carpet, and stiff-backed splint-bottomed chairs.

"Pray be seated," she said, in a flustered manner.

From the front window Mrs. Taylor could see a carriage, and proud, impatient horses, and liveried coachman, which enhanced the importance of her visitor tenfold. But what could possibly induce Mrs. Trowbridge to visit Mrs. Taylor's humble abode? She was not only the most wealthy lady in that region of country, but the most proud. To her servants she was imperious and exacting, to her equals haughty and cold, never showing affection to any one save her only child and son Howard, who had reached the longed-for estate of manhood, and whose

every wish she gratified. Consequently, it was no wonder that Mrs. Taylor was completely disconcerted and overawed by the sudden appearance of the great lady.

But as she sank gracefully into the proffered seat, the visitor entered upon her unpleasant errand without preface, while her cold steely gray eyes were fixed upon the face of the good woman before her.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Taylor," she said, "if I come to the point at once. You have a daughter, I believe?"

"Yes ma'am. An only child. My little Mattie." And the pleasant face glowed with motherly pride.

"Have you any idea where she is now?"

"O my, no. She is like a bird or a butterfly, and just wanders where she wills, as soon as she gets her tasks done about the house. I presume, bonny darling, she's off hunting wild flowers, or nutting. I never ask her where she is going."

"I imagined as much," replied Mrs. Trowbridge, severely. "And now, madam, let me inform you that your child—whom you ignorantly suppose is enjoying the rustic pleasures you mention—is in the habit of spending hours in the company of a young gentleman very far removed from her sphere in life both by birth and education. His motive the world will judge severely, and at best it can only be the whiling away of the time in this dull country home."

All thought of the difference in station between her and her visitor vanished from the mind of Mrs. Taylor. She only knew that her child was, as she believed, being grossly slandered, and she blurted out, in her rough, hearty and uncultivated voice:

"It aint so! Though a king on his throne should tell it, I wouldn't believe it."

"I dare say," answered her visitor, without the slightest ruffling of her voice, "that you are sufficiently acquainted with the ways of the world to know that such practices are dangerous to the virtue and character of your daughter, and can never, even in this case, lead to matrimony. Of this I am positive, and I think you will acquit me of any desire to deceive or injure you when I tell you that the young gentleman for whom your child has conceived this foolish attachment is no other than my son."

With a flaming face, Mrs. Taylor was about to open her mouth to utter another angry denial, but was silenced by an imperious wave of the white jewelled hand, as Mrs. Trowbridge arose from her chair, with her heavy silk robes sweeping and rustling about her stately form.

"I have not come here to bandy rude words with you, Mrs. Taylor," she continued. "It was only to do the duty of a mother to a mother. And in conclusion I would suggest a remedy for the evil. Send your child away without an hour's notice, and never permit her to return to this place until entirely cured of this infatuation. Good-day."

She marched out of the little vine-wreathed door as if she had been an empress, leaving Mrs. Taylor speechless and confounded. She watched the costly robe trailing over the gravelled walk that had never been so honored before, and saw her depart. It was the first real bitterness that had been pressed into her cup of life, although there were green graves in the village churchyard of husband and children, leaving her only one darling child, who had been all sunshine and song from babyhood.

All the ruddy glow faded out from her face, and she passed her hand over her brow, as if crushed by the weight of agony resting there. Then she arose and slowly went out of the room, after closing it from light and dust as usual, with heavy feet passed out into the kitchen, and mechanically took from its nail behind the door her sunbonnet, regardless that the cat was tangling the soft snowy rolls of choice wool she had carelessly

left within its reach. Down the path, that her Mattie had gone but a few short hours before as gay as a lark, she went with white face and compressed lips, went on until the splendid mansion of the Trowbridges was in sight. She entered the cultivated grounds, and had reached a little grove, when the sound of voices reached her ears. She listened, and then crept nearer, parted the thick branches, and saw that which confirmed the bitter truth she had heard.

There, with hand clasped in hand, stood her child and Howard Trowbridge, with his tall form and face so like his mother's, bending over Mattie, and in earnest tones seemingly pleading for her love. And she was coy and half yielding, with cheeks abloom with healthful roses, and her long unbound hair floating like a golden mist about her delicate form. Her lips were just parted, like the opening of a crimson bud, and in the depths of her soft sky-tinted eyes lay love, yet half concealed by the long lashes.

It was a beautiful picture for any eyes but those of a mother. But Mrs. Taylor was so jealous of her child's honor that she only saw the coils of a serpent, who was charming her to certain destruction. Before she had time to confront them, they parted, though not until he had tenderly kissed the full red lips, and pressed the yielding form to his heart. Then he reluctantly permitted her to go.

Fleet-footed as a gazelle, Mattie reached home long before her mother, and stood contemplating the havoc the kitten had made with the immaculate rolls. She was laughing merrily when she was awed by the white face of her parent. She could not but understand the look of reproach aright, and, conscience-smitten, the telltale blood rushed to her cheek and brow. Then remorse came for having deceived the mother who loved her so tenderly, and throwing herself at her feet, she wept bitterly and begged for forgiveness.

"Kneel to God only, my child. Your mother can forgive without pleading. Come with me."

She led the way into the now-darkened parlor, and kneeling by the same seat on which had reposed the proud woman who had told her of her child's perfidy, she implored divine strength and guidance. Then, with Mattie nestling close to her heart, she commanded the truth to be told, and heard it all.

"But why have you kept this from me all this time?" sternly questioned her mother.

"I promised him not to tell any one. I was wrong, I know, mother dear, but then, I loved him so." And the tears fell like spring rain. "O, do not look so grieved and reproachful. You know it now, and that he loves me also."

"Mattie, never mention him to me again. He is a scoundrel who would ruin you body and soul. I want no better proof of that than his teaching you to deceive your own mother."

"O, do not say that! He—"

"Silence!"

Mrs. Taylor's face wore such a look of sternness and offended dignity, and her language partook of such unwonted refinement, that Mattie dared say no more.

"Better sorrow than disgrace," she continued; "and now that my eyes are opened I shall guard you from the latter, you may be certain. And though you have disregarded my love, and deceived me cruelly, yet I will forgive you upon one condition. It is that you will promise to give him up. I will make it easier for you by taking you away from him at once. My brother in the West will share his home with us until I can sell this little one, where I came a bride, and expected to live until death. No matter, I can give up everything to save you, my child."

"O mother," interrupted the weeping girl, "I cannot give him up! and he loves me so, and we are engaged to be married."

"Mattie, are you such a fool as to believe his vows? Have not thousands of just such trusting girls as you been lured to destruction by such means? And do you for a moment think that his proud mother will ever give her consent to such a union? or that she will permit you to come between her and her child? No, Mattie, you must choose between your mother and your lover, for I tell you that from this time henceforth you are no child of mine if you do not yield to my guidance."

"Have pity!"

It was all that Mattie could moan, as she clung to her mother's neck. But the latter was strong in her maternal anguish, and in her conviction that young Trowbridge intended only dishonor. For had not his own mother declared his intentions? and ought not she, of all the world, to be the best judge of his principles and his actions? Thus con-

vinced, Mrs. Taylor never wavered in her purpose, nor melted at the sufferings of her child.

"Choose, Mattie," she continued, with a husky voice, "choose between his love and mine. Never before have I thwarted you in anything, and I ask of you by the long years of love and tender care I have given you, to choose between us; for I declare that nothing shall tempt me to allow you to meet Trowbridge again, if I can prevent it. I will see you broken-hearted and dead at my feet first! But never, no, never again in his arms!"

The look of suffering and determination conquered. Mattie went moaning up to her own room, with the dry burning eyes that so clearly express the deepest grief. Mrs. Taylor at once began her preparation for her hasty journey, and remained up very late packing, and asking neither advice nor assistance from her daughter. She, poor child, claimed the privilege of secluding herself in her own room.

The night came with darkness and storm, and Mattie, with her great sorrow, knelt by the little window where she could watch the glancing lights of the Trowbridge mansion. Howard had informed her that his mother was to give a party, and she knew that all was pleasure and festivity within his home, while hers was dark, and her heart burdened with grief, when his was light and happy among the aristocratic guests.

"I have promised my mother to give him up," she moaned, "but I cannot leave him without a word."

She sat down and penned him a hasty letter, telling of her sacred promise, and entreating his forgiveness. Then the thought arose as to how it could be delivered. All was quiet below, and she could safely slip out and take it herself to the great house and give it to one of the servants. The rain should not deter her. In fact, she half longed to battle with the elements; so, wrapping a shawl about her, she crept out of doors and was soon swallowed by the surrounding darkness.

Mirth reigned in the Trowbridge mansion, while without the storm beat fiercely against the casements. The brilliant lights flashed from within but to be lost in the gloom without, leaving shadows in the projecting angles. Mattie had threaded with swift feet the lanes and woodland paths, past rustic summer-houses, and sluggish, turbid pools of

water, dark and deep, and flitted like a ghost about the mansion, watching for a servant. Music and laughter stole out, mingling with the mysterious voices of the storm. Every sound of merriment went with a throb to the heart of the poor little drenched wanderer. Presently an insane desire to see Howard once more took possession of her, warped her better judgment, and she moved into a broad belt of golden light that streamed from one of the windows, and suddenly seemed turned to stone!

There upon a raised dais stood a bridal group; her lover, the groom, was holding the hand of a fair young bride, while a minister appeared to be pronouncing the solemn benediction upon their united lives!

With white uplifted face, and her long hair tossed and buffeted by the wind, wet and lashed by the rain, she stood regardless of all else than the vision within. With clasped hands she drank in the meaning of the scene, the waiting guests, the bridal party, the one dearer to her than life, with a smile upon his lips, she knew but too well, the veil and orange blossoms and soft laces floating like mist about the blushing face!

Then all began to fade, and with a desponding cry, so loud, long and shrill that the blasts could not smother or quench it—one that passed through even the thick walls, and blanched the cheeks of the haughty mistress—Mattie sank upon the ground. She lay near the house, protected by the shadows, but did not faint. The pain tagging at her heartstrings was too great for that. She only remained crushed, immovable, moaning now and then. Many voices reached her at intervals, and occasionally a deep rich one, that thrilled her entire being. Often a light laugh pierced and pressed its mockery upon her ears, while the storm spent its pitiless fury upon her almost unprotected form.

At the midnight hour the moon struggled to show a scanty gleam, and a single star quivered for a moment upon the edge of a ragged cloud, then went out, was lost like a bright hope. Mattie crept stealthily away, not daring to look back. Upon the edge of a dark pool she paused for an instant. Oblivion slept in its silent depths. With upraised hands she was about to take the final plunge, when thoughts of her mother obtruded themselves, and she pressed on, with a strange and unnatural lustre in her burning eyes.

Safe once more in her own little room, she mechanically sought her couch and sank into a troubled slumber. At early dawn, when her mother, as usual, went to awaken her with a kiss, she found her with staring eyes and throbbing temples, while the power of delirium burned upon her lips. From her agonized mutterings, and the wet and dripping garments that lay as they had been cast off, she learned of her wanderings. To summon a physician, and do all that love could suggest to comfort and relieve, took but a short time. Then the weary heart-broken mother sat down to watch and pray for the life of her child; and just as the day was drawing to a close, she went to answer a summons at the door, and in the waning light recognized young Trowbridge. The grim stern figure of the woman barred his way, and she scarcely returned his salute.

"Doctor Brent has told me, Mrs. Taylor, that Mattie is very ill, and I came to see if I could be of any assistance."

"No sir! You have done us all the harm you could, so go back to your bride. By my poor child's ravings, I find that she was out in the storm and darkness, and a witness to your marriage."

"My marriage!" exclaimed he.

"Yes sir. She saw it through one of the windows, and has described it over and over again. So go back and leave us. We shall, if my poor child lives, keep your perfidy from your wife and the world, and if she dies, it will be buried with her."

The mother suddenly turned within, sank upon a chair, and casting her apron over her head, began to weep. Howard Trowbridge boldly followed, and also seated himself, as if his limbs refused to sustain him.

"In the name of Heaven, Mrs. Taylor, listen to me, and I entreat you to believe what I shall tell you. Last night my mother gave a party, and among the tableaux was a marriage—I personating the groom, and my Cousin Constance the bride. But if your daughter was where she could see us, it was no wonder she mistook it for a true ceremony. Yet, madam, what could have induced her to go out, and upon such a night?"

"You may as well know all. I learned yesterday of her attachment for you, and resolved to save her from the deception practised by such young men as you represent. This very day we were to leave for the West, and by a note I found in the pocket of my

poor child, I have learned that she had written you farewell, expressing her belief in your goodness and integrity. Hoping to deliver it to some servant (as she states in the note), she was induced to leave the shelter of her home and brave darkness and storm. O Mr. Trowbridge, why did you cross her path?" And the wretched woman fell to weeping more bitterly than ever.

At this moment, and before he could reply, cries and sobs issued from the little room overhead, and Mrs. Taylor hastily dried her tears, and without a word to her visitor, rapidly ascended the stairs. But before she reached the bed, Howard bounded up, passed the startled mother with rapid strides, and kneeling beside the delirious girl, gathered her head in his arms, and amid stifled sobs, whispered words of love and tenderness.

"Mattie darling, speak to me. O, for God's sake, do not look at me like that! See, I am here, and love you just as dearly as ever. It was all a mistake, Mattie. It was only a tableau you witnessed last night, and not my marriage. Before Heaven, I swear to never wed any one but you."

Forgetful of her mother's presence, everything but the despairing face, fever-flushed and wild-eyed, he rained kisses upon her dishevelled hair, and whispered blessings, until, calmed and half sane once more, she sank back with a sigh of contentment, closed her softened eyes, and with her hand still clasped in his, passed into a peaceful slumber.

Thus he sat through the long hours of the night, while her mother, wordless and penitent, took her place as watcher also. As the first beams of the rising sun gilded the little room, as they stole through the parted muslin curtains, Mattie suddenly awoke, and from the expression in her blue eyes, they saw that reason had once more resumed its sway. But pale and like a broken lily she lay, though her smile was full of tranquillity and peace as she listened once more to her lover's explanations. Mrs. Taylor stole away for a moment to attend to some household duties, and for the hundredth time he poured into her glad ears his vows of fidelity and love, and received her promise to become his wife, if he could gain her mother's consent. He hastened to do so, and found Mrs. Taylor with busy hands, but an expression of thanksgiving upon her tear-swollen face, and urged her to accede to their wishes.

"But your mother, Mr. Trowbridge? Will she consent?"

"I do not ask her for my mother, but myself; and although I know her to be very proud and aristocratic, yet I am sure that when she comes to know my little Mattie she will love her dearly."

Mrs. Taylor shook her head, and related their conversation upon the subject, and his face flushed painfully.

"Can it be possible," he exclaimed, "that my mother was the cause of all your doubts and troubles? I entreat you to overlook and forgive her rude visit to you, and believe me, she shall never grieve or wound you or Mattie again. But I am resolved that nothing she can say shall part us; and although I owe her a son's love and obedience, yet I am not bound to endorse all her high notions of caste and position, and the like. Only say that you will give your daughter to me, and I promise to answer for her happiness."

Tears stood in the honest eyes of the humble mother as she yielded to his wishes, and with many thanks, and a warm pressure of the hand, Trowbridge returned home to battle for his future wife. After more than one severe conflict he conquered, though with the proviso that Mattie should be sent to a fashionable boarding-school for a year.

This was done by good independent Mrs. Taylor, though not without much scraping and economy at home; for she indignantly refused all offers of assistance on the part of the Trowbridges. When the year's probation was ended, and Mattie stood at the altar, her rich wedding robes trailing in shining folds, while over all floated a veil of rare lace (an heirloom of the Trowbridges), with orange blossoms trembling in her bright hair, and diamonds sparkling upon her exquisite white neck and arms, a tender light in her deep sweet eyes, a quiver of joy on her crimson lips; while, bending over with whispered words of encouraging affection, was Howard, his calm gaze brightening over the gentle loveliness just made his own, even Mrs. Trowbridge was forced to acknowledge to herself that her new daughter was all that heart could desire, refined, lovely and beautiful. But yet there was one pang when she read in the marriage notice the name of Martha Taylor—nobody's daughter.

OFF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

BY COLONEL BREVET.

I THINK the voyage of the Dante for whales during the year 1819 was one of the most remarkable that ever occurred among the Nantucket fishermen; and as I do not remember ever seeing any account of it beyond a mere notice in the papers of the day, I will try to give a short narrative of an adventure that transpired during the cruise, in the same language that I received it from one of the participants of the scene.

Captain Blain, the last survivor of the crew, tells the story, but with the simplicity of a sailor, attributes his courage entirely to a shipmate; and as he avoids public honors, and declines being lionized on any account, I have taken an author's privilege, and substituted names and dates widely differing from the original, and so present the readers with a story founded on absolute fact.

"When I was a boatsteerer in the Dante," said my narrator, "I came about as near getting frightened as ever I did in my life, and as near dying as I care to come, until my appointed time arrives, when I trust that the ship may be found all atanto and the captain ready to depart.

"We had made a bonny voyage of it, having, with our shipments home and our cargo aboard, twenty-four barrels of sperm; and as we were only two years from home, every one, from the captain to the cabin-boy, had a six inch smile on.

"As we were short of wood and water, our captain decided to make Juan Fernandez to obtain the necessary supplies; and as we were within a few days' sail of the island we ran off for there in a regular 'O-be-joyful' manner, the Dante seeming to know that in less than a week she would be homeward bound, and so logged off the miles as though our sweethearts were hauling in slack line, preparatory to bringing their beaux home with a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

"I was only twenty-two then, and though this was my second voyage in a spouter, the romance was not altogether shaken out of me, and the prospect of seeing the refuge of Robinson Crusoe seemed to give me a feeling of sentiment that I supposed I had lost.

"The old shellbacks aboard rather liked

the idea of seeing the famous island, although it was a familiar story to most of them, and as for our cabin-boy, he nearly went into fits, he was so delighted with the situation.

"Our 'pot-rastler,' as we had dubbed our cook at the beginning of the voyage, was the only indifferent one about it, and he said so much against the place that the captain had hard work to prevent the men from getting him into the forecandle and clobbering him, sailor fashion.

"The cook had his suspicions, however, and cooled down, and we made Juan one fine morning, standing boldly in until we were about five miles from land, when the wind flattened out, and there we lay—

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

"We kept thinking that a breeze would spring up, and the captain wouldn't send a boat on shore, as he wished to work the ship in nearer.

"The island was a penal colony for Peru at the time, but little did we care for that, so long as we got our wood and water, for we knew there were plenty of guards over the convicts, and we should be unmolested in our rambles in Crusoe-land.

"Just before dusk we saw a large barge coming towards us, which the mate recognized as the governor's, and we were all on the *qui vive* to see a real inhabitant from the shore, and welcome him accordingly.

"On came the boat, and what was our surprise to see walk aboard of us a company of as villainous looking rascals as ever graced the gallows, or escaped them, either?

"They were all armed with muskets and swords, and after streaming their boat out behind, they quietly took possession of the quarter-deck, the leader, in miserable English, directing our captain to put to sea, or he would be shot.

"There were about fifty of the scoundrels, and so well had they kept concealed in the ungainly ark at our stern, that they had surprised us finely, and there we were, under a parcel of escaped cutthroats, and our captain ordered around with a musket pointed at his head, while the crew was powerless to resist the body on the quarter-deck.

"The only thing we could do, in our first surprise, was to put the ship about, and though the wind was then fair off shore, the captain, with all the adroitness of a Yankee, began to manœuvre the ship, and beat her to leeward.

"Evidently, none of our captors were seamen, and as long as we did not approach the island, they were satisfied if the ship was jogging, and in the morning we found ourselves becalmed within a mile from where we had started the night before.

"Our visitors appeared to be perplexed at the situation when the sun rose and revealed our position, but as nothing had been said by our captain, who had been under guard near the wheel, where he had remained all night, not one of the villains mistrusted the trick played on them.

"There was no wind for the day, and all we could do was to lie there and await developments, or orders from the skipper, and as only the right number to work the sails was allowed to come aft at a time, we were in a perfect fix, not knowing the intention of our captors, and lacking a leader to help us out of the difficulty.

"The force of circumstances makes men, and we were destined to have a leader created for us in a strange way.

"That afternoon, while we were all clustered about the foremast, one of the crew, in a very cautious manner, said:

"Boys, I know what all this means, but don't say a word to create suspicion in those rascals that we have fathomed them, or we are dead men. When I was beech-combing it on the coast, I learned Spanish thoroughly, and those villains I find are cutaways from land, with the connivance of the governor, whom they have bribed.

"When I was at work furling the spanker this noon, I overheard them talking, and so went to work and made an eyespice in every reef-point, so as to gain time, and found they meant to have us work the ship away, force us to have the plank the next day, saving one or two only, so as to be able to work the ship into the coast, where they will sell her, and then start one of their bloody revolutions with the rhino."

"As the leader of the pirates was now walking forward, his gun cocked, and his looks showing that he suspected something, the beech-comber, noticing him, suddenly hit 'pot-rastler' a tremendous clip, saying, as he did so, 'All hands will bear me out if

I lick you like thunder for spoiling the lobster to-day.' The cook had been standing near, with a sort of 'I-told-yon-so' expression in his eyes, but seeing the desperado approaching, and knowing the motive of the clip, immediately sprang for his opponent, and the two were soon engaged in a terrible combat of words, while we formed a ring and urged them to go in, and the best man win, trying to seduce our visitor into the belief that we were having a little fun on our own account.

"The man looked on the row for a moment in contemptuous silence, and then went aft again, leaving the combatants to hook together, if they chose, which they soon did, the beech-comber throwing the doctor in a truly scientific manner, and whispering in his ear while they were down, for the cook to put for the galley when he got up; and as he had received a black eye, and a tolerably hard thump on the deck, he was readily persuaded to follow the instructions received.

"As we were now free from any eavesdropper, we began to discuss the situation again, but with no result; for, with our captain under guard, our mates paralyzed, and the petty officers fuddled, we could decide on nothing.

"The most feasible plan we could suggest was to make a rush on our captors, disarm and tie them, and then deliver them to the authorities on shore; but when we saw the loaded muskets in the hands of a group of desperadoes twice our number, all told, our hearts failed us, and there we staid, just like a flock of sheep, all ready to follow our leader, but no leader to be followed.

"At dusk the land breeze sprang up anew, and again we began our peculiar tactics of beating to leeward, only our hearts sank as we saw three of the pirates, under direction of the leader, knock a board from a staging that we used in cutting in whales, and rig it over the taffrail of the ship in a manner so suggestive of walking the plank as to send cold chills to the very marrow of all of us, when we viewed the arrangements for our little journey from this sphere to the world to come.

"Mechanically we performed the duty of wearing and tacking, trusting that our position the next morning might induce our captors to defer the period of our departure to 'fiddler's green' until a more auspicious moment, or at least until the ship had dropped

the island out of sight, while each one of the crew was, I think, secretly hoping that he would be the particular individual who was to be retained to help work the ship, while all trusted fervently, like Micawber, that 'something would turn up.'

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft and looks out for the life of poor Jack,' and our cherub proved to be one of our boatsteerers, a quiet man, but, although not given to talk, an exceedingly determined chap, and one whom we used to say was — on long darts when after a whale, and who was uncommonly successful in his darts also. The aforesaid boatsteerer was Captain Blain himself, but his natural modesty always led him to indicate that the hero was his chum.

"Repairing to the steerage about seven bells, I found him taking the sheath from a lance, and examining its edge with a gentle nod of approval.

"Not much use for that again, my boy,' I said, with a despondent air. 'See here, Blain, do you think we shall trot the timber to-morrow?'

"I do, firmly.'

"I believe so, too.'

"Very well, then you are of my opinion; now ten hours of my life makes no difference to me, and so I am going to die game, and attack the skunks in precisely one hour from now, with this lance. If any of the rest of the fellows want to take a hand with me, tell them to come along, but I am going to make a struggle for life then, if I commence alone, and am killed before I get on deck.'

"There was no braggadocio in his voice, but just the quiet way that he used when about to go up to a vicious whale; and seeing he meant business, and knowing that opposition would only hasten matters, I went on deck quickly and passed the word around.

"In less than ten minutes every man but our captain, of our folks, knew there was a movement on foot, and notwithstanding that it was the height of madness to attempt so desperate a charge, nothing could be done to induce the man to relinquish his plan, although several of the weak-kneed ones threatened to tie him and prevent the foolhardy attempt.

"This did not daunt him any, for he said he expected some opposition, but the first man who attempted to stop him he would nail with the lance then and there, and he

said it in such a tone that he was believed; so in a very few minutes the forlorn hope of one was converted into a unanimous crew, and all decided to die, or conquer.

"In a few minutes after this decision was formed, we were all arming with the spare lances and harpoons below, while two men were detailed to visit the boats and secure the gear in them, and soon we mustered some twenty-three irons, all sharp as razors, and wielded by a determined set of men who knew how to use them.

"There were five unarmed, but they were instructed by our leader to be on hand to throw any musket of the pirates overboard that they could seize, after firing them, and to throw the pirates themselves after them if they could.

"Our leader never said 'Go on,' once; it was all 'Follow,' with him.

"We were assembled forward, at twelve o'clock, and then our director said:

"Now, boys, we will wear ship, or that is, act as if we were about to, and I, with four others, will go aft to take charge of the sails there, while all hands work in different ways as near to the quarter-deck as it is possible to go without attracting attention, and when I say "Let go!" each one attack his man, without a word. Ask and give no quarter, without they surrender, and then "pot-rastler" may be ready with some small stuff to lash them.'

"In a few minutes the boatsteerer and his men were fumbling around the spanker, and soon 'Let go!' fell on our ears with a painful sound, as we strained them to catch the word.

"In a second we were in the midst of the fuss, and lances and harpoons going, shrieks and yells resounding, muskets popping, and making a Babel of sounds.

"It seemed that half of the pirates were asleep, with their muskets stacked, while the others, although watching, were in a half-drowsy state, and before they could realize what was going on, the boatsteerer and his men had pitched the stack of arms overboard, and all hands were in a grand rush aft, nine of them horribly wounded with our wicked whaling gear.

"Utterly surprised, they fired their guns in the air, playing the mischief with our mizzen topsail and top hamper generally, and before they could rally, we were upon them, and among their wounded was their leader in throes of death.

"With a shriek of terror they threw down their now useless guns, fell on their knees, and abjectly plead for mercy.

"It was given them with a caution, for we bound them securely, one after another, stretched our cable across decks at the waist and just secured their hands to it, while we lashed each man's ankles to his neighbor's, and the outside ones to ringbolts, and then prepared to look after the dead and dying.

"Three of the nine were dead, and after removing everything of value from their pockets, and they all seemed to be well supplied with Spanish joes (a gold coin worth about sixteen dollars), we tossed their carcasses overboard without a moment's delay.

"Our captain had somewhat recovered from the surprise he had experienced, and he and the man at the wheel, who had been under guard, and compelled to relieve each other for every two hours, for the last thirty, were now well pleased to be released.

"The captain assumed his authority at once, addressed us and said:

"I thought you would understand my trick of beating to leeward, and take advantage of it and recover the ship; and as you have done so nobly, I am inclined to think Mr. Gilberts, our agent, will not let you suffer: but there is one thing I recommend that you do, and that is, take everything of value from every prisoner, bring it to me, and we will try titles for it when we get home."

"This proposal accorded with our feelings, and soon we laid doubloons, watches, diamonds and jewelry before the captain, that amounted afterwards to forty-seven thousand dollars.

"Two more of our wounded died before morning, one of whom was the leader of the piratical expedition, and when we sent them after their companions we could not but rejoice as we thought how they had calculated on sending us on the same journey, a few hours before.

"That day we crawled up to within a couple of miles of the landing-place, and the captain took his boat to go on shore and report the prisoners to the governor, and make arrangements for food and water. But what was his surprise as he reached the beach, to find himself ordered away, threats being made to fire on him, if he or any of his crew attempted to land there.

"Utterly discouraged, he returned to the ship and reported the warning he had re-

ceived, and as we only had enough water to last our ship's company for a week, it was a damper to us, you may believe.

"We tried to hold communication on shore for three days, without success, and just as we were getting desperate enough to attempt to land in the night, we reported a sail in sight.

"The vessel came up gradually, and proved to be a Spanish gunboat.

"The new comer anchored a mile within us, and appeared to be about to send a boat in answer to our signal of distress, for we had hoisted our flag union down, when a boat from the shore boarded her.

"In a few minutes we heard them beating to quarters, their guns run out and trained on us, and soon two launch loads of men were aboard of us, we were seized, and all hands but our officers placed in irons, the pirates aboard being left in the same situation in which they were found.

"We were out of one scrape into another, and the beech-comber asserted that the governor, to escape any complicity with the rebels themselves, had sworn that we had assisted them, and afterwards, disagreeing about the pay, and also doubting their ability to make their agreement good, had captured them and attempted to return them.

"The commander of the gunboat listened to the story of our captives, who told of their having had their pockets fished, and ordered the ship to be searched, to see if their story could be corroborated; but as our captain had been prudent enough to drop the whole of the spoils into a cask of oil the first opportunity he had after the capture, the search proved abortive, and their story was disbelieved.

"He told the captain that in ten days we should be taken to the coast, and then his government should settle our little *flasco* with the convicts, and the probability was that some of us would have a warm embrace around our necks by the garrote.

"The prospect was anything but pleasing, as it was cold comfort for us to think that the government at home might demand reparation that we should never enjoy, so we determined to escape again if possible.

"The day but one before we were to leave the island, and just as the Spanish commander was making arrangements to fill our water casks, a sight that cheered our sinking hearts came before our eyes. Something had turned up, and our cherub this time was a

United States frigate coming right for us, and anchoring within hail.

"Before they were fairly moored, our captain had hailed them and apprised the commander of our situation.

"It proved to be the Congress, Commodore Rogers commanding, and before the Spanish guardo had wiped his eyes, the commodore himself was aboard, and matters explained fully; but, by the way, our captain neglected to mention our loot in the 'riah,' as the long cask that held it was called.

"The commodore gave the Spaniards ten minutes to clear our ship of the convicts, release our crew, and give up the ship.

"The order to release us was backed by pretty emphatic expressions, after which he turned to our captain and invited him to accompany him on shore and when he landed, told the governor to supply our ship and his own, too, with all the wood and water required, or he'd blow him and his island into a grease spot before sundown.

"Affairs had looked desperate for us a few hours before, but backed by Uncle Sam's strong arm, we felt saucy as you please, and showed any quantity of Yankee brass to our cowed captors.

"We had no desire, however, to prolong our stay at Juan Fernandez, and as soon as we were supplied we started on our home voyage, all hands forgetting our romantic feelings about the island until we were nearly to the Horn, when some one remembered we didn't visit the cave, or "do" any of the points of interest.

"We had been favored with so much excitement on our own account that we had plenty to talk of, however, and so resolved to 'do' Juan Fernandez properly, the next visit we made there.

"On our arrival home, we found that Gilberts, the old Quaker factor, owned our ship, having purchased her afloat, and as he refused from conscientious scruples to touch any of the pirates' money, we divided it among ourselves by vote, our captain and the boatsteerer who led the attack receiving nineteen thousand dollars between them, and we taking a thousand each, man for man, and thus it was settled.

"The Quaker Gilberts, although he refused to touch the blood money, was shrewd enough to get our signatures to a bond giving him our claim to any indemnity we might receive from any demand made for satisfaction on account of our detention.

"In consideration of one dollar, and other valuable considerations,' we released all further claim than our legitimate share of the voyage, and so we considered the affair ended.

"Gilberts, however, was a shrewd, long-headed Quaker, and so he took our affirmations of the case, obtained Commodore Rogers's testimony, and started the great case of Gilberts vs. the Peruvian government.

"Gilberts's lawyer was rather inefficient, the case got cold, and dallied along until General Jackson assumed charge of our Ship of State, when suddenly Gilberts was seen to take an old-fashioned carpet-sack, his well-known green cotton umbrella, and depart from the island of Nantucket, and shortly afterwards, a long, slab-sided, but determined-looking Quaker might have been seen wending his way to the presidential mansion.

"I verily believe that was the first time a Quaker ever sought our fiery president, for when the servant announced his appearance, President Jackson, with considerable curiosity in his countenance, admitted him without a moment's delay.

"Art thou Andrew Jackson?" inquired the Quaker.

"I am," responded the president, somewhat amused.

"I am Obadiah Gilberts of Nantucket, and I have called to see thee," said the Quaker, cautiously.

"Sit down," said the president, courteously.

"Obadiah sat down, and allowed it was a warm day.

"The president agreed, and then said, 'Will thee smoke with me?'

"Now smoking was the only bad habit the Quaker had, and as he hadn't enjoyed a square smoke since he left Nantucket, his eyes sparkled, and he pulled out a corncob pipe, the fac-simile of the president's, and at it they went, Obadiah remarking:

"Thee had better use the world's language if thee is more accustomed to it than to the Friends', for it would appear badly for me to report thee as uncultivated in thy speech.'

"The president was amused at the artlessness of the Quaker, and so, accepting the suggestion, asked him about his home, and the society he belonged to.

"The Quaker was naturally loquacious, and told him all about the Friends, the local

schisms of the Hicksites and Hittites, their supremacy and degeneracy on the island, their adventures whaling, with all the successes and reverses, and so he gradually worked round until he came to the voyage of the Dante, when he described the insult to the flag, the detention to his ship, and the suffering of mind and body of his officers and crew; of his attempt at getting compensation, the delays he had received, and a number more of funny little incidents.

"President Jackson was highly entertained by Gilberts, and finally asked how much damages he sought.

"The Quaker had never set any price, and now he asked the president what he thought of the case.

"Have you Commodore Rogers's testimony here?" was the query.

"Obadiah had and produced it from his file of papers.

"After examination, the president said:

"Obadiah, write out a claim for thirty thousand dollars, at once."

"The Quaker did so, and soon the well-known signature of Andrew Jackson appeared on it, with this sentence; 'Pay this claim at once.'

"Obadiah, take your file of evidence and

this claim of ours to the Peruvian minister, and if he refuses to pay, call on me again; if he settles, good-by.'

"Fare thee well, and I thank thee; but there is one request that I have to make of thee for a little favor."

"What is it?" asked Jackson, a little coldly, for he thought he had already done a great thing for his visitor.

"Will thee swap pipes with me?" queried the Quaker.

"The president had expected something entirely different, and with a gratified change in his countenance he made the desired trade, and Obadiah took his leave.

"There was a considerable flutter at the Peruvian legation when the unexpected endorsement was presented; but, after trying in vain to induce the Quaker to abate his demand, the imperious command was acceded to, the money paid, the Quaker gone, and the Peruvian minister sitting with a blank expression as he thought of what would the Home office say as to his proceedings."

"The above is an actual fact, and Obadiah Gilberts smoked his old corncob to some advantage with the president, while Jackson's pipe is a cherished memento to this day, as a sequence to "Off Juan Fernandez."

OLD JOCK.

BY M. A. ALDEN.

"SOMETHING's the matter with Jock, father," said Harry Archer, as he took his seat at the tea-table.

"With Jock?"

"Yes sir," said Harry's younger brother, coming into the room; "he's sneezing away, and hangs his head, and looks as if he hadn't a particle of strength left."

"I must look at him at once," said Mr. Archer. "I'm afraid he has this distemper that is so prevalent just now."

"O, I hope not!" said Harry. "What should we do without Jock—and all that wood to get in?"

But, alas! Jock had the distemper; and when little Effie went next morning to give him a lump of sugar, as was her wont, poor Jock drooped his head more sadly than ever, but would not touch it.

"Poor Jocky!" said Effie; "poor, poor Jocky!" And, with her eyes full of pity, she stood regarding him, not caring to taste the neglected sugar.

Harry and Jo did not care at all for the holiday Jock's sickness gained for them, but as night came on, and he grew no better, they, too, grew despondent and doleful.

"If Jock should die, I don't know what we should do," said Harry.

"I don't, either," said Jo. "I suppose we could get a smarter horse, but we could not get a better or a more patient one, or one we should love so much. I don't want a horse if we can't have Jock."

This was the common opinion in the family, and when Jock grew worse instead of better, all faces were sober on his account, and Effie cried herself to sleep, with her head on her mother's shoulder, at the thought of losing her favorite. Mr. Archer said gravely that it was better for Jock to die than to live on in the state that he then was in.

There still remained one remedy to try, and, trusting in it but little, the boys still hoped that Jock might yet be better, and shake his mane once more in the old joyful manner at their approach.

They passed an almost sleepless night, talking, and wondering, and considering that even if they were willing to have a new horse, a new horse would cost a great deal, and perhaps he might have the distemper also.

"We shouldn't mind it so much," said Jo, "not being Jock, but it would not be pleasant."

Harry made no reply, and Jo, thinking him asleep, tried to settle himself for the same purpose; but it was no use; and a long-drawn sigh from Harry encouraged him to say:

"You remember when we first had Jock?"

"Yes," said Harry, mournfully.

"Was it you or I who got a tumble that first night that father brought him home?"

"Both of us," said Harry.

"Do you remember how frightened Effie was when I gave him sugar, and then how pleased she was when she dared to do it herself?"

"Poor Eff!" sighed Harry.

"What should we do in summer without Jock? He always seemed so glad to have us climb upon his back, even after a good day's work!"

"We never shall get another like him," said Harry. "I wonder if many people feel as badly as we do?"

"O, some people have so many horses they don't mind losing one; and some people only mind because a horse costs so much; but we mind because we loved Jock. He seemed as dear as if he knew as much as we; he had a way of looking knowing, hadn't he, Jo?"

"Yes, and he *was* knowing. He never kicked when Effie was on his back, and never really threw anybody but me, and that was when I was riding him instead of going to school as I ought. Jock was a good horse every way."

"Poor fellow," sighed Harry. And very early the next morning, long before the daybreak fairly came, he stole down stairs, out into the stable to see how Jock was faring.

He found him sleeping, but there was something in his aspect that made Harry know that he was better. Hurrying up stairs, he shook Jo and shouted in his ear:

"Jock's getting well."

Jo was up in an instant.

"You been down?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Did he notice you?"

"He would if he'd been awake."

"Awake? Were his eyes shut? O Harry! how do you know he wasn't dead?"

"I saw him breathe, and he really looks better."

Jo was out of bed and down in the stable in an instant. Yes, though Jock was sleeping, he, too, felt confident that he was getting better; he wished it was time for his father to get up and look at Jock, and he had half a mind to wake him for that

purpose, but taking Harry's advice, he abandoned that idea.

It seemed to him that breakfast time was never so long coming before in his life; as a general thing it came always too soon, but now with a glad heart he welcomed the first sound of the bell, that gave him liberty to knock at his father's door and hasten his visit to the stable.

Jock had awakened when Mr. Archer, and Harry, and Jo approached to look at him, and there was a quieter look in his eyes, and his whole demeanor showed that the distemper was leaving him.

It was a day of genuine and general rejoicing throughout the house. Harry and Jo made holiday with a good will, and capered about in front of the astonished Jock in a manner calculated to render a horse less gentle a little skittish, and to make him, had he been free from the distemper, far more liable to an attack. Effie dressed all her dolls in their best array in honor of Jock's recovery, and ate ever so many lumps of sugar just to show what Jock would do when he was well enough.

And Jock? Freed from the distemper he once more neighed happily, worked with a will, endured the children's caresses, and ate sugar as fast as Effie chose to give it to him.

OLIVER THORNDIKE.

BY MISS R. H. HUDSON.

"MISS MELLIFANT will remain for her Latin recitation."

I looked out at the rainy street, then back again at the impassible face of Mr. Weston, Principal of the Clinton High School, and tossed down my book in an access of vexation. It was too bad. I had studied that hateful lesson half the afternoon, only to be accounted imperfect, and to be obliged to begin to con over again:

"Castra sunt in Italia contra populum Romanum in Etruriæ faucibus collocata, etc."

Those hateful words! In spite of my efforts to suppress them the tears dropped on the leaves as I turned them over slowly; but the schoolroom was so dusky I thought no one would detect my crying.

But some one did detect it—the very one from whom I most wished to conceal my tears; and as the scholars were passing out, some one paused beside my desk and laid a book on it. I just glanced up and saw Oliver Thorndyke's dark eyes looking down at me, with an expression that tried to be sympathizing in spite of the little smile they could never entirely get rid of.

"Take my Cicero, wont you, Julie? It has a different set of references, you know, and it may make it easier."

Take his Cicero? When I had not yet forgotten his irrepressible laugh at my mistakes in the class! I jerked my hand away.

"I'll keep my own book, if you please; and you needn't trouble yourself about my lessons." After which amiable speech I did not lift my head again until Oliver had passed out with his usual "Good-night" to Mr. Weston.

I watched him from the window as he passed up the street, the centre of a group of boys, mentally congratulating myself that he would not walk home with me that night, yet all the while feeling a little angry about it.

I turned back to my Cicero very resolutely at first, but alas! the resolution failed me. The rain fell faster and faster, the schoolroom grew drearier, and the last echo of the last voice died away, leaving

only the sounds of the scratching of Mr. Weston's pen and the "tick-tick" of the clock on the wall.

My head ached, and it was so dark I could hardly see the words. I passed half an hour in a desperate sort of puzzling, then gave up in utter despair, dropped my head on my desk, and cried in good earnest, half in vexation, half in weariness. No doubt it was a very ridiculous thing for a girl of sixteen to do, but I could not help it.

It was half-past six when, having at last blundered through the lesson, I was free to depart. The tears were still in my eyes as I dolefully put on my thin sacque and my hat with scarlet plumes, that would be sure to be spoiled by the wet, and went out the recitation-room door. I was so blinded by them that I nearly ran over some one standing in the outer doorway spreading a soaked umbrella.

"Am I such a very small obstruction in your way that you can't see me at all?" inquired the individual who held the umbrella, laughingly.

"Why, Oliver! Where did you come from?"

"I went up and got your cape here and your rubber shoes, and I thought you would never be through with the Latin so I could give them to you; at least, not till dark."

"Thank you," I said, feeling not quite so deserted as I had five minutes ago. "I'm sorry you walked so far in the rain on my account;" then, in an access of spite, as I enveloped myself in the cloak, "I wish I never need see another Latin word!"

"Never say die," remarked Oliver. "Shall I put your rubbers on, please?"

"No, I'll do it myself."

"But you can't; you'll soil your gloves."

"I'll take them off, then," I said, determinedly.

"No ma'am," said Oliver, retreating with both rubbers held behind him and his dark eyes full of mischief. "I think my rights ought to be conceded. Now, Julie, it's better to yield gracefully."

"Very well; keep the rubbers. I'm sorry I thanked you for getting them. I'll go home without 'em."

"And get diptheria? No, indeed you can't."

Seeing no way of escape, as Oliver was between me and the door, and hearing Mr. Weston's step within, I yielded the point indignantly enough, only remarking, with unnecessary vim:

"I hate to see people obstinate!"

"Now I'll take the books," said Oliver, with unruffled serenity.

"Why, you're not going home with me?"

"Of course I am; if mademoiselle pleases."

"I don't please. Which is my umbrella, Oliver? It is too wet for you to go up there again."

"O no! The rain will curl my hair, you know, and I shall be in nice order for the party to-night. You will need your hood, Julie."

"Have your own way, then. Give me the smallest umbrella."

"We can both go under one. Youth and beauty side by side, you know, Julie. I guess Mr. Weston would like the other. Here is an umbrella for you, sir," addressing the principal, who now appeared in the doorway.

Mr. Weston's leathery face broadened at sight of his favorite.

"Thank you, Oliver. You were not intending to use it yourself?"

"No, certainly. Rain never hurts me."

"I am obliged to you, then. I have quite a walk to take. Good-night again."

"That is a brilliant move!" I observed, indignantly. "I have a mind to use my own umbrella myself, and leave you minus one."

"Just as you please. Neither of them belonged to you. Are you ready now? You will have to take my arm, or I can't hold the umbrella well over you."

"No, thank you. It does very well."

"It doesn't!" insisted Oliver, still laughing at my petulance. "The water is dripping on your shoulders now."

"Well," said I, desperately, "anything for quiet; anything to get home—so, there!"

"That's very well," said Oliver, complacently.

"We look like two geese."

"O no! People might think we were

engaged. Lovers always walk so, you know. I think it's very proper myself."

My cheeks burned at the glance Oliver gave me, and I availed myself of my free hand to draw the waterproof hood so far over that it shaded my face.

"What is that for?" queried Oliver.

"You look like a nun."

"I feel like one—half starved."

"Couldn't you have the lesson before?"

"No. I couldn't find 'Obedierant' in the book."

"In the vocabulary? Why, it is irregular, from 'Obedio ire—'"

"Well, I've heard all about it now. There's a double lesson to-morrow."

"It's not hard. Cicero must have been a nice old Roman."

"I'm glad you find it easy."

"Thank you. Why do you walk so fast?"

"I shall get wet."

"How can you? equipped as you are, too! Come closer under the umbrella, wont you?"

"I do very well," said I, crossly. "Don't go down Main Street, Oliver."

"Why not? I think two young people like us ought to enjoy a walk together."

"I ought to have practised an hour before supper to-night," I said, changing the subject hastily.

"Ought you? I practise mornings. I'm never sure of my hour while Harold is in the house."

"Here we are," I said, in accents of relief, as we came out from a side path that led up from the road.

"Oliver," called my mother from the sewing-room window, "you must come in and have supper. I want to see you a while." And she opened the door for us to second her request in person.

"I can't, indeed, Mrs. Mellifant," said Oliver, laying my books on the hall table and taking up the umbrella. "I only came to see Julie safe home. Mamma must be looking for me."

"Come when you can, then. I'm your adopted mother, you know. You're not to neglect me."

"I'll remember," laughed Oliver, as he departed with the politest of bows.

"The young chevalier!" said my mother, as she watched him step aside to open the gate for Bridget. "I wish all boys were like Oliver."

"I don't!" said I, emphatically, starting for the supper-room.

Oliver Thornadyke and I had been for a long while schoolmates, and in spite of my occasional jealousy of his superior acquirements, we had always been the best of friends; till now, as we were growing older, the dignity of young ladyhood to which I had attained, and which Oliver could not or would not understand, caused us to quarrel perpetually. Another cause of trouble was that I was never a sentimental girl. Anything like sentiment effectually disgusted me. Neither was Oliver sentimental, at least, consciously so. When he made any such remarks as I have recorded above, he made them in the most innocent and frank manner, without a thought of affectation; nor could I by any brusqueness or indirect hints convey to his mind the idea that his style of conversation was distasteful to me. He was too good-natured to care for my crossness, and too unconscious and careless to suspect the cause; so, as I more than half admired and liked him, I scarcely knew how to conduct myself.

The next exhibition I had to endure from Oliver came on Friday, the day appointed for reading compositions. With all the propensity for teasing he did show sometimes, he had never carried provocation quite as far as he did that day. I knew something was coming when I saw him try to repress a smile as he rose to read. There was still a rebellious little twitch in the corner of the mouth as he began, and as he had the reputation of writing the best compositions in the school, of course we all listened attentively.

The composition was like a story. Oliver represented himself as a young teacher, who, seeing an advertisement for a schoolmaster in West County, California, applied for the situation and got it; but he was afterward obliged to build his own schoolhouse with the help of the district, because it was a wild and unsettled place; so his schoolhouse was a log cabin. Oliver went on to state that he had an upper and lower story built, the lower one for a schoolroom, the upper to be used as a residence, should he ever meet any young lady who suited his fancy. Here came a side glance in my direction, which would have made it impossible for me to keep my face straight if I had not been too indignant to laugh.

Oliver continued that he commenced his duties immediately, and had eighteen scholars, many of them near his own age—which was twenty—and some of them young ladies. "One young lady, a Miss Julie Ross, was especially pleasing and bright—" here I had another look over the top of the paper; "she used to come to me often about her lessons after school, and we enjoyed talking together very much. As time went on we grew quite attached to each other, and I at last asked her hand in marriage. Her father consented, and we were soon married. I could afford this as I had a moderate fortune left me by a great aunt just deceased. We greatly astonished the neighborhood by our union, and Miss Julie disappointed other lovers by accepting my hand."

Even Mr. Weston had to smile a little as Oliver laid the paper on his desk when he had finished, and there was a general laugh in the schoolroom, and not a few quizzical glances at me. Oliver relapsed into utter gravity, however, and sat in dignity listening to the exercises the remainder of the afternoon.

I don't think I actually lost the remnant of my temper until I encountered Oliver at the corner of Main Street that evening waiting to walk home with me. He came slowly back to meet me, turning over the leaves of a book.

"Do you know what '*Cela vaut mieux*' is in French, Julie? I can't find it just this minute."

"No," I said, crustily.

"It is an idiom, I think; at any rate, I can't translate it sensibly. It is too bad. Harold will have his lesson better than I to-night."

"I suppose he always does."

"You are mistaken. He likes singing with Miss Spencer too well for that. I have more time for study. I am not engaged, you know."

He said this in a serious simple manner, with his eyes on his book, and I retorted, losing all patience:

"I wish you *were* engaged, from the bottom of my heart!"

"I am glad you do," said Oliver, smiling as he strapped his books, "if you'll allow me to say it."

"And then," I concluded, "you wouldn't be forever talking about it."

"I should talk about it still more, I think."

"I'm sorry for you, then?" I rejoined, hotly, quickening my steps.

"But, Julie," persisted Oliver, half laughingly, half in earnest, "I shouldn't be sorry for myself if I were engaged to you."

He ended gravely, with a deprecating glance at me; and in spite of myself I blushed scarlet, so I said, angrily:

"No. I should be the subject for pity then."

"I meant what I said, Julie," he went on, after a pause, a little flush coming on his own cheek. "I never supposed you cared much for me, but I wish you did—enough to engage yourself to me."

"Almost as pretty as the composition?" I said, scornfully. "I wouldn't—"

I was going to say, "I wouldn't make a fool of myself twice in one day," but something in Oliver's steady look deterred me, and I walked on desperately, faster and faster, frightened at the predicament in which I found myself.

"The composition?" said Oliver. "Why, there was nothing in that; or nothing but fun."

"Nothing? If I am to be made ridiculous in this way, you need not consider me your *friend*, even; and as for being engaged, you'll have to find some other person as silly as you are yourself for that!"

I was sorry for what I had said a moment after, but Oliver gave me no time to tell him so.

"I should be sorry to call any one my friend who didn't wish to be so," he said, coolly. "Since we are at your own gate now, I will bid you good-night."

I said good-night as coolly as he, and turned round and watched him when he had got half way down the street, in a kind of maze, mingled, too, with a very uncomfortable feeling in the throat, as if I wanted to cry. Was it possible that Oliver Thorndyke had spoken to me like that, or was I dreaming? He had always received all my petulance so good-humoredly and merrily that I was utterly taken by surprise at his assertion of his own dignity; and, dear me, what made me feel so like crying?

Well, what if he didn't speak to me as usual to-morrow? What if we weren't friends any more? I said to myself, defiantly, that I didn't care, as I went to change my dress for supper.

I *did* care, however, as I found, to my sorrow, when two weeks went by and brought no prospect of a reconciliation between us. Beyond a cool bow, we had had no communication since I had affronted Oliver in the way I have described. I was far too proud to invite any advances, and Oliver, it seemed, did not care to make any.

Affairs were in this state when my father said to me, one morning at breakfast, across his newspaper:

"So, Julie, you're going to lose one of your associates?"

"Who?" I queried, indifferently.

"Oliver Thorndyke. He's going to travel a year with his brother, and complete his education in Germany."

"What brother? Why, has Ross come home from Italy?"

"Certainly. Why, Oliver told me he was coming a week ago. Haven't you heard him speak of it?"

"No sir."

"That's rather strange," said my mother, "considering the intimacy between you and Oliver."

"I suppose I must have seen Ross riding yesterday," I said, hurriedly. "He bowed to me, but I did not know him. He is very much altered."

"He has a very fine intelligent face."

"But Oliver is handsomer," said my mother. "He is such a fine scholar already, that I am glad he has the chance of going abroad. We shall all be sorry enough to lose him."

"He said he should come over to bid you good-by some evening," my father rejoined.

"When do they go?" I asked, eagerly.

"Next week Thursday. School finishes to-morrow, doesn't it? Oliver will be at liberty then."

I was out of the room before he had fairly done speaking, on my way to my own little room; and there I had a cry which lasted half the morning; and the tears came none the less readily because they had been so long repressed. To have Oliver go away was worse, far worse, than to quarrel with him—was worse than anything I had ever anticipated.

"And then," I reflected, dolefully, "when he comes back he'll be nineteen years old, almost twenty, and I shall be seventeen, a regular grown-up young lady;

and he'll know everything, and look down on me, and we never can be friends any more, even if he wanted; but he don't. He will never forgive me, that's plain enough!"

The days that followed were miserable. Everybody was talking about the Thorndykes, but we didn't see them, for Ross seemed in no hurry to call. It was dull dark autumn weather, I had no studies to occupy myself with, and time passed heavily. I wandered about feverishly, always expecting the promised visit, which was my only hope, because it was my last chance to see Oliver, and which I yet dreaded unspeakably.

Tuesday came and passed, then Wednesday, and I began to fear that there was no hope for me. They would not come now, and I might as well make up my mind to it. Oliver was too indignant to wish to see me again, and the best thing for me to do was to forget him.

"And I always thought I was proud, too," I reasoned with myself, angrily, amid my tears. "Pshaw! suppose he should know I cried about him? I'm ashamed of myself!"

But it was rather dreary work sitting there watching the dead leaves blow down the avenue, and gazing at the cloudy sky. I took a sudden resolution. Hurrying on my riding-habit, I ran down to the stables to ask James to saddle my pony, the "Firefly." I stood waiting, enjoying the strong west wind that swept past me, and more impatient than I can tell for motion and excitement. It seemed as if James would never finish getting the pony ready.

I had not ridden for several days, and James said, a little dubiously, as he strapped on the saddle:

"I wouldn't touch him with the whip, miss. He's a bit restive, and the wind's likely to stir him up, too."

"I'll look out," I said, hastily; and Firefly and I flew off down the avenue. I suppose I rode recklessly—I felt reckless enough. I urged the horse to his utmost speed, and we dashed along over the highway, then by a turning into the road that led through the woods. I liked the rush of wind in my face, and the sight of the flying gleams of sun over the flat meadows.

I scarcely minded how Firefly was moving, or where he was carrying me, until I came in sight of the village; then I instinctively drew rein, for I liked solitude

better that day; but Firefly decidedly objected to this check. We were at the top of a long hill, and the willful little horse had evidently made up his mind to go down it; so we had a battle. Firefly reared and danced aggravatingly, and I began to lose patience, when suddenly he caught sight of an image-vender, with his board covered with painted casts on his head, coming slowly over the road behind us. This was the one thing wanting to set him perfectly wild; so, putting my attempts to restrain him at defiance, he galloped down the hill, and went toward the village at a furious speed.

I just kept my seat at first, that was all. I grasped Firefly's neck, and bracing myself against him, held on, though the wind took my breath away, and trees and houses went by like shadows. The shouts of the people only added to Firefly's terror. His mad speed increased instead of abating as we came out on the long stretch of highway beyond the village.

I felt my strength failing, still I clung on desperately. It seemed an age since I had had that terror of falling. I tried to speak to the horse to check him, but my voice failed me, and there was a mist before my eyes. Firefly sprang aside again, strongly and suddenly, probably catching sight of some new object of fear, and I lost my hold.

When I became conscious again I was lying on the grass in an open field. My head was supported upon some one's knee. I did not think who it might be at first, only lay feeling weaker and more worn than I had ever felt before, and utterly passive; suddenly my eye fell on Firefly, standing near by, still trembling in every limb, with the white foam dropping from his mouth; then, indeed, I remembered all, and made an effort to rise. A hand restrained me, and an eager voice said:

"O Julie! Julie! I am so glad! I was frightened, you were still so long. Speak to me, can't you?"

I should have known who it was, now, if I had not seen Oliver beside me, his face pale, and his cap thrown off. I was so tired and weak, and so glad to know Oliver was speaking to me kindly, that I just put out my hand without a word. Oliver took it in both his, and chafed it tenderly.

"Are you much hurt? I am afraid you must be, though. You were thrown so far. It might have killed you."

I made a little motion to stir myself, and could not suppress a moan of pain.

"I can't move, I think. I don't want to. Just let me be still."

"But you must move soon. You must be taken home. Ross has gone to the village for a carriage. May I try to lift you a little?"

"I can lift myself, but I can't stir this left arm. I am afraid it's broken."

Oliver never could bear to see any one suffer. His lips grew whiter, but he only said:

"I hope not. If it is, it shall be set in an hour, so it will not be serious. How could you ride so recklessly, Julie? Now let me lift you a little, carefully."

Though stiff and bruised, I was not otherwise injured, and when, with Oliver's support, I could sit upright, I almost forgot the pain in my arm in the return of my old misery.

"You are fully four miles beyond the village," said Oliver. "How that little horse did fly! It seemed to me Victor never went faster."

I glanced at Oliver's black horse, which stood close by its young master, occasionally putting its head down to be patted, and closed my eyes with a shudder.

"I don't want to think of it. How did you happen to see me?"

"Ross and I had ridden to Shelbyville to bid my aunt good-by. You were thrown just after we turned that bend in the road, but I did not know you at first. We feared you were fatally injured, and Ross hurried off for a physician and carriage."

"I am sorry to detain you here so long," I said, falteringly. "This is your last day in America, I suppose?"

"Last day? Of course not. We sail next Thursday."

"Ah, then you were intending to bid us good-by?"

"You could not think I would go without doing that, though I doubted if even a good-by would be welcome," Oliver said, with a pained expression.

"That's as you please," I said, faintly, the pain in my arm growing more intense as some unguarded movement twisted it.

"Ah, where can Ross be? It is cruel for you to suffer so. If you could bear the motion, I would put you on Victor, and go on to the village now."

"You're very good. I'd rather wait here."

"So had I—with you. Excuse me," he added, with a flushing cheek, "I did not mean to disgust you again."

I was too worn out with pain to make any reply to this speech. I just dropped my head on my breast and sobbed.

"Ah, I am selfish to speak—about that—again—and now. Forgive me, Julie. Don't cry so. Why, I can't understand you; I have been thinking all the week how glad you must be that I was going away from you. I have been avoiding you as much as I could for your own sake. I did not know you disliked me so, Julie, or I would never have annoyed you. I will go away now as soon as they come with help."

"Don't, Oliver—don't!" I said, brokenly; "I don't want you to go away, indeed. I shouldn't have broken my arm if I hadn't been too vexed about your going to Germany to govern Firefly."

I hardly know how Oliver and I finally did manage to understand each other; but five minutes after that we were shaking hands in token of renewed friendship.

"But when I come back from Germany," Oliver said, with a sort of sigh, "you won't be the same Julie at all. You will be a *bona fide* young lady, then, and quite too dignified for anything like a frolic!"

"I shan't be different; but you—you'll be too magnificent to speak to common people. It's fortunate you're only going to stay a year."

"I am. We are, rather. It will take two years to complete the course Ross wants me to have."

I said nothing, only turned my face away, for fear Oliver should see the expression of it, and plaited two or three long weeds together nervously. Suddenly Oliver bent forward so that he could see my face again.

"Julie—if I should ask you the question I asked before—when we quarrelled, you know—over again—should you be very angry?"

Now, as I said before, I never could be sentimental; instead, therefore, of sobbing out an appropriate reply, I suddenly and unexpectedly burst out laughing, to Oliver's extreme dismay; then turned faint for a moment, and terrified him and myself also. Just then the carriage came in view on the road.

I don't remember much of the ride

home. I fainted, Oliver told me, as they were lifting me into the carriage.

My arm was not badly fractured; and after the first few days I did not suffer intensely with it.

The sequel of this story will not take long in the telling. The third time asking

never fails, any more than the third time trying; and two days before he left Clinton Oliver and I were formally "engaged," with the understanding that the engagement should last five years (until we both reached years of discretion). So a broken arm saved me from a broken heart.

OLIVIA.

BY PRESLEY W. MORRIS.

THE bell tinkled, and up went the curtain. She stood in the middle of the stage, a most lovely picture. Her eyes sparkled with unusual brilliancy—they were very bright ones generally; her cheeks glowed with a little deeper touch of crimson than usual; and perhaps her bosom was rising and falling a little more rapidly with the excitement. However, that she should be somewhat excited was only natural, for a vast audience of people was before her. She had never sung to such an audience.

Her name was Olivia Vansant, and she was Mrs. Richmond's governess. Her voice had attracted much attention in the musical circle of Parkersburg, so that when this concert, for the benefit of some school, or something of the kind, was arranged, her name was on the programme. And now the curtain rose for her to sing.

A murmur of admiration ran through the throng. Olivia advanced a step, and the murmur died away into silence. Then she sang.

At first her voice was tremulous. Then all embarrassment left her, and she threw her whole heart into the music. The audience sat as under a spell, seeming scarcely to dare to breathe.

She ceased. A storm of applause shook the house; loud was it, and long continued. It would not be hushed, save by the reappearance of Olivia Vansant.

"They are recalling you, Miss Vansant," said the manager. "Will you sing again?"

She went out again and began a tender little love-song. Then her eyes fell upon a face bent eagerly towards her, the face of

a young man. There was much in that gaze of his, pride, admiration, and—yes, out of his eyes love was looking. They were dark and passionate eyes, showing at that instant the whole soul of the man. Harry Penryth was Olivia Vansant's most humble adorer, and she was not unconscious of the fact. And just now he was thrilling beneath the voice of the beautiful woman as he had never thrilled beneath any power before.

Only for an instant did his gaze hold hers. Her eyes wandered over the assemblage. Directly they seemed to open wider. She grew very white—evidently some powerful emotion had seized her. Her voice died away, and she staggered forward. There was a catastrophe. Her light overdress touched the footlights, and in an instant a blaze shot up over her. A great terror fell upon the audience. There was an audible groan, a shiver of pain that ran all over the house. What a terrible fate seemed in store for the magnificent-voiced, beautiful woman!

With a cry, Harry Penryth sprang towards the stage; but he was anticipated. An agile form was already there when he was twenty feet away. A tall dark-bearded man beat him to the rescue. He acted. Snatching the baize covering from the piano on the stage, he threw it around the blazing figure of the girl. His arms were about her, and for a second she was clasped close to his bosom. Quickly there was an abundance of aid. A victory was soon won. And when a cry of inquiry went up from the audience, the answer was:

"She is not much hurt; but she has fainted."

She was carried from the stage, and shortly began to return to consciousness. Her preserver had disappeared.

"Alex, I saw Alex," murmured Olivia, as she recovered her senses. "Where am I?"

Then, before any reply could be made, she added:

"I remember it now. I saw Alex out there in the crowd; then—then—the fire shot up about me. Somebody must have—"

"Who saved me?" she asked, suddenly, after a moment's thought.

"A stranger," was the answer.

"What was he like?"

"He was a tall, dark-bearded, handsome man."

Olivia's hands flew up to her bosom, and were clenched there, resting upon her heart. She became silent.

Although her name was still on the programme, she sang no more that night, of course. There was not a burn upon her, but still she was weak from the effects of the excitement she had undergone.

By the next morning her strength was nearly recovered, but the face that she had beheld in the audience was ever before her eyes.

"O Alex! Alex! I love you still," was a thought that was with her continually.

In the afternoon she was alone in her room, when a card was brought up to her. Could it be his? No! She read the name. Harry Penryth was written there.

"I will see him," she said to herself, wearily.

Then she went down. He reached out his hand to her.

"I am so glad," he said, "that you were not injured."

"Thank you for your interest," she returned, simply.

"I was hastening to your aid, but I was anticipated," Harry continued. "I would have gloried in saving you, but I heartily rejoice as it is, for you are safe. I might have been too late."

The girl leaned her face upon her hand.

"Yes," she murmured, absently.

"You sang magnificently, Miss Vansant," Harry observed.

There was something in his voice that aroused Olivia from her abstraction. She gave him a quick glance. Was he approach-

ing a subject that she dreaded? His tones made her think that he was.

"Perhaps you are prejudiced in my favor, Mr. Penryth, like some of the rest of my friends," she said, forcing a smile, and making an attempt at gayety.

Her words had the opposite effect to what she intended. He rose to his feet and came close to her. A world of passion shone out of his eyes.

"Olivia, I am tired of trying to hide my sentiments," he cried, abruptly. "Darling, I love you with all my heart. Would that I could be your hero. Tell me, can I?"

Olivia grew very pale. Her eyes, shining like stars, met his. He saw in them friendship, respect, pity, all save love. He grew sick at heart, for before she spoke he knew his fate.

"Mr. Penryth," Olivia said, "believe me, I have a very high regard for you, but not the kind that you wish. I cannot love you any better than I could a brother; that is not sufficient."

"No, that is not sufficient," he said, sadly.

Rising, Olivia began pacing back and forth. She was deeply agitated. Presently she paused before Harry Penryth.

"You are my friend, you will always be my friend," she said, "and I can trust you?"

"Yes, you can trust me," he said, quickly.

"I shall tell you my secret, why I cannot love you," Olivia continued. "I love another."

Pity filled the heart of Harry Penryth. The woman that he loved was suffering as he was suffering. O that he could bear it all himself!

"Go on," he said, gently.

"More than that, that other is my husband. My name is not Olivia Vansant—that was my maiden name—but Olivia Soulliman."

Harry Penryth felt all hope die in his bosom. But in his generous heart he resolved that if by any service of his this girl's happiness could be secured, that service should be performed. An idea occurred to him. He put it in words.

"Can it be possible," he asked, "that the man who saved you last night is your husband?"

"He is my husband, Alex Soulliman," Olivia returned.

"And where is he?"

"I know not. O Mr. Penryth, mine is a cruel fate! I believed he loved me, but he did not. I shall say no more."

"Pardon me, but did you quarrel?"

"Never. I discovered that he did not love me, and then I felt that I could not bear to be with him."

She paused, and tears flowed from her eyes. Harry Penryth wished that he could know all, but felt that he could not ask her any more questions.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Penryth," Olivia said, presently. "But your wound will heal; for you will find some one far worthier of you. Mine can never heal."

"Do not mind me," Harry said, pityingly. "Indeed, I had forgotten myself, and thought only of you."

He saw that it was best to leave her.

"I am going now," he said. "Heaven bless you!"

She gave him her hand. He held it for a moment in his own, and then turning away, left her.

"Would that I could aid her in procuring her happiness!" Harry murmured, as he walked along the street.

He did not wish to go to his room immediately, so he kept on walking. On, on he went, thinking deeply. Several times he came very near having collisions with pedestrians passing in the opposite direction. At last he ran fairly against a man, as it chanced.

"I beg your pardon!" he cried.

The stranger smiled and bowed. Harry started back a step. He drew the handsome face before him. It was photographed on his memory.

"You are Alex Soulliman!" he cried, impulsively.

"Yes," said the stranger, a puzzled expression coming over his face; "but I do not know you."

"No, to be sure not. I never beheld you till last night at the concert. You saved a friend from a terrible fate then."

Alex Soulliman's face clouded. Was there pain in hearing reference made to Olivia? Perhaps there was.

"How is she?" he asked, quietly enough.

"Doing very well," Harry answered; "that is, she's suffering no particular inconveniences from the accident."

Harry had been thinking rapidly. The face before him had nothing sinister in it.

On the contrary, he was positive in his mind that it belonged to an honorable, generous man. Was it not possible, more, probable, that there was some misunderstanding of facts between him and Olivia? There surely must be. At any rate, it was worth while to try to discover if there might be. He might possibly start two lives on moving in happy grooves that now were miserable.

"Can I see you alone, Mr. Soulliman?" Harry said, handing his card. "I wish a few moments' conversation with you."

"Certainly, you can see me," was the reply. "When do you wish an interview?"

"Immediately. Can you go with me to my room? We can reach there soon."

"I will go with you," Alex Soulliman returned.

They hailed an omnibus. Shortly they were together in Harry's room at his home. Harry plunged straight into the subject.

"Do you know, Mr. Soulliman," he asked, "that I can tell you something of your history?"

"Proceed," said Mr. Soulliman; "I am listening."

"The woman whom you saved last night is your wife."

"How did you become aware of that?" cried Alex.

"She told me; and I think I make no betrayal of confidence by informing you of my knowledge of that of which you are already aware. She is your wife; but have you not wronged her?"

"I wronged her? How? By heavens, the wrong is on the other side!"

"You wronged her," said Harry, "by not giving her that to which she was entitled—a husband's love."

Harry spoke half questioningly. The hope that he had had that these two people had been blinded by a misunderstanding was gaining ground.

"I gave her a love as strong as my life," cried Alex Soulliman. "The bride of a week, she deserted me, leaving only a few cold words behind. I have them."

He drew out his pocket-book, and took from it a small piece of paper, which he handed to Harry. Only a few words were written upon it:

"ALEX,—I go. Your heart will tell you why."
OLIVIA."

"And yet you say I wronged her," Alex

continued. "What could I think? That she hated me? That she had found her chains wearisome? That she was false? I was deserted, and to-day I know not the cause. What wonder that when last night I found her after a year's search, I have not yet gone near her? What wonder that I have some thought of speeding away, and not seeing her at all?"

"O Mr. Soulliman," said Harry Penryth, soothingly, "there is some great misunderstanding between you. Olivia loves you, and is suffering deeply on your account."

"Is that true? Can it be?"

"Believe me, it is. Go to her, and this will all be made right."

A flush of hope surged up to Alex Soulliman's face.

"Direct me thither," he said, gently. "Let me hasten."

* * * * *

"Olivia, I have always loved you. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, Alex, my husband, I believe you. But I had to believe that you did not, or else discredit the evidence of my senses. I

had just stepped to the library door to obtain a book, when I heard you say, 'I do not love her, Alfred, as Heaven is my witness. I only wedded her because the fates decreed it so. Janet, instead, is the choice of my heart.'"

"And that was only private theatricals that Alfred Nesmith and I were rehearsing. We intended to surprise you on your birthday with a grand performance."

"I waited to hear no more," Olivia continued. "I thought it was all real. My despair was terrible. You know what I did. O Alex, remember what I have suffered, and forgive me for my foolishness!"

"I cannot blame you, Olivia."

"It was such a trivial matter."

"Not in the light in which you viewed it," Alex said, with a smile. "Let us forget it all, and remember only that we love each other. Shall we?"

"Yes."

Olivia's friendship for Harry Penryth is very strong, for she says that he gave her back her husband and happiness. Harry is worthy of her friendship, for he is one of nature's noblemen.

SAVED BY A SONG.

BY CORA CHESTER.

KITTY RAY stood alone in the dull twilight of a November afternoon, and drummed reflectively with her small white fingers upon the window-pane, as she looked out upon the snowflakes coming down faster and faster, disguising the most familiar objects, until even the ugly old apple tree by the house seemed as if touched by fairy fingers, and stood out, with its downy white foliage, a very miracle of beauty.

But Kitty was not thinking of the old tree under whose branches she had spent so many happy hours. Her eyes were full of tears, and the ominous twitching of her mouth indicated that she longed to indulge in that woman's relief, a good cry. She kept back her sobs with an effort as a familiar voice called:

"Kitty! Kitty Ray?"

Kitty turned, and Gerald Grayson took the two hands in his in an off-hand brotherly fashion.

"Where has Puss been all this long day? I have tried in vain to amuse myself without her, but time has hung heavy on my hands."

"Where was Miss Gabrielle?" inquired Kitty, in a sharp bitter tone; at the same time withdrawing her hands from his and commencing another tune on the window-pane.

"Miss Gabrielle had a fit of the sulks," laughed Gerald; "but what is the matter? Now I look more closely, those beautiful eyes are full of tears."

"O tell me what hath chanced to-day,
That Kitty looks so sad?"

Now Kitty's eyes were not beautiful; they were merely truthful gray eyes, ordinary enough, unless stirred by some deep emotion; and although she is my heroine, she did not possess "flashing orbs," a "melting mouth," or any of the other requisites necessary to make up a beauty. She was hardly pretty as she stood there in the dull light, but to Gerald's partial eyes the lithe figure, pure complexion, rather *retrousse* nose, and saucy face lighted by two eyes that sparkled now with angry

scorn, possessed a power bewitching and irresistible.

"My beautiful eyes are not full of tears, and I look sad, I suppose, over the dose of boneset I've determined to torture myself with to-night. I have a very heavy cold," fibbed Kitty. She laughed a saucy scornful laugh, looked at Gerald in the most unconcerned manner, and then turned to leave the room.

Was Gerald Grayson a villain because he took Kitty in his arms and pressed a kiss upon her forehead? Perhaps my readers will think so when I say that he was engaged to Miss Gabrielle Tremont, and had no right to look at Kitty, much less to win her heart, as he had tried to do for the past three months.

But Kitty did not blame him nearly so much as she ought, she declared angrily to herself; and there was not half the scorn she imagined in the trembling little voice when, struggling for freedom, she exclaimed, angrily:

"Mr. Grayson, if you have forgotten that you are a gentleman, please to remember that I am a lady! What right have you to insult me in this manner? What would Aunt Tremont and Gabrielle say to this? O dear! dear!"

Indignation was all gone, and there was real sorrow in her voice. Gerald felt pity for her enter his selfish heart for the first time.

"Kitty, do you care for me? Is it possible that all this indifference, all this dislike, is feigned?"

He tried to take the two hands away from her burning face, but Kitty, tortured beyond endurance, sprang from him and escaped to her old place by the window.

"Mr. Grayson, how dare you ask such questions of me? Do you wish to drive me away from my only home, that you persist in paying me such disagreeable attentions? Do you flatter yourself that you are doing the honorable thing in carrying on a forcible lovemaking with one girl, while you are engaged to another?"

"O Kitty, have pity," persisted Grayson.

"You know the circumstances of my engagement. You know that Miss Tremont was forced upon me. Is it my fault that my eccentric father left me his property only on condition that I should marry if possible the heiress of Ferndell? I was weak enough to comply, but I had never seen you then. O Kitty! think of the cruel position I am placed in, and have a little mercy."

This strong young man, equal to battle with fortune single-handed and gain a victory, did not see anything ridiculous in this appeal to the poor trembling girl before him. In his own eyes he was truly an object of pity. He did not seem a very strong type of manhood, but circumstances might develop more moral courage in his character than he ever dreamed of possessing. He was more weak than criminal in his love for Kitty. She was really dearer to him than all the world beside, and he hated the chains that bound him to the haughty beautiful Gabrielle Tremont; but he was not brave enough to break the engagement, as that meant loss of money, home and friends.

Perhaps Kitty should have despised him for this weakness; almost any heroine would have done so in her place. But she was very faulty, and her love for Gerald Grayson was deep and true, even as she declared with curled lip that she "despised him?"

Kitty's brow darkened, and very decidedly she turned away from him.

"Then I do not care for life!" declared Gerald. "O, if I had never bound myself to that other, you could love me, I feel sure. If Gabrielle had refused me, I had blown my brains out, or anything had happened before I met you! I hate Gabrielle, and I love you, Kitty."

He took her hand once more, and was about to press his lips to it; but his rhapsody was broken by an even icy voice exclaiming:

"An affecting tableau, I am sure!"

Gabrielle Tremont stood in the doorway, and by the blaze of her black eyes Kitty knew she would never be forgiven. With a sob, she sprang from Gerald, left the lovers to settle their quarrel as best they might, and escaped to her own room.

That very evening Mrs. Tremont sent for her guilty niece, and poor trembling Kitty, entering her aunt's boudoir, found

that lady seated in state in her armchair, with Miss Gabrielle beside her as *aide-de-camp*.

"Pray be seated, Miss Ray," exclaimed the latter lady, saucily. "You must be fatigued after your exertions. Flirtations are very trying to the nerves."

Kitty bit her lips, but paying no attention to the remark, turned to her aunt.

"You wished to see me, aunt? My head aches very severely, so, if you please, I should like to hear your business at once."

"Your tone is very peremptory for one in your position, Katharine. You have been guilty of a great sin, and, if you were not a niece of my dear lost husband, I should never have you darken my home again. As it is, I suppose that I must bear the infliction of your presence; but remember that you are nothing but a dependant in this family, and you must not repay my bounty and Miss Gabrielle's condescension by a low *amour* with Mr. Grayson. I have said enough. I hope it may prove a warning for the future. Katharine, you may go to your room."

She waved her hand as if dismissing a servant, and Kitty's temper, for she had one, rose.

"And I, Mrs. Tremont, despise both you and your remarks. My position and birth are too high to be affected by your slurs; but, believe me, madam, I will free myself from the hated atmosphere of your house at once!"

Poor Kitty's courage was roused at length, and it sustained her while she packed her trunk, changed her dress, and walked through the moonlight to the cars. When, however, she had crouched unobserved in one corner of the seat, and felt the train in motion, all her timidity returned. Sob after sob shook her, and scalding tears ran down her cheeks behind the friendly brown veil.

Poor Kitty, homeless and friendless, had once been the idolized petted darling of fond parents. But in five years mother and father had gone, and Kitty was left with her fortune to her uncle George Tremont's care. How he had disposed of all his niece's money in that time, unsophisticated Kitty never thought to inquire; but certain it was that at twenty-one she found herself in the galling position of a dependant in her Aunt Tremont's house. Uncle George had died a year since, and

would have to settle the account of his stewardship before a far higher tribunal than our earthly ones.

Kitty's sobs grew fainter as they neared New York. Something must be done, she knew. She found herself at midnight, friendless and alone, in a strange city, and desperation gave her courage.

As they steamed into the depot, she plucked timidly at the sleeve of a shabby-looking female in black who sat beside her.

"Pardon me, madam, but could you direct me to a respectable boarding-house? I am a stranger here, and urgent business has brought me to the city at this hour."

The woman's coarse features expressed curiosity, but Kitty's dignity kept her from asking the questions she longed to.

"My name's Parsons, miss, at your service. I consider you're quite fortinit in falling in with me, as I keeps boarders, and can accommodate you, I guess. I always asks a week's board in advance, however."

Together they made their way into the damp chilly street, entered a steaming horsecar, and got out in front of a dingy brick house with an air of faded gentility about it.

There was an accumulation of coal-scuttles and dirt on the stairs, and the sickening odor of onions and fried fat from the regions below stairs made Kitty faint and dizzy.

Mrs. Parsons, after taking ten dollars from her new boarder's shrinking hand, showed her to a front room on the third floor, and left her to her own devices. Kitty looked with disgust upon the faded velvet carpet and dirty furniture. Dust was everywhere in profusion, and the soiled lace curtains fell over equally dingy windows. She took out her purse, and mechanically counting her money, found that she had just fifty dollars.

We will not follow poor Kitty through all the misery which ensued, the shops she entered, in the vain hope of finding employment; the insults she received from vulgar humanity, nor the removal from the faded, dirty third-story room to the box of an attic, where broken chairs, cracked looking-glass and carpetless floor took the place of the tawdry splendor below stairs.

Even the attic room cost money, and after paying Mrs. Parsons one morning,

Kitty found that her last ten dollars had dwindled to ten cents.

It was a cold raw morning during the holidays when Kitty made this discovery, and, with an expression of despair new to the small pinched face, she declared to herself that something must be done.

"Yes, and at once!" exclaimed Kitty.

Then she put on her shabby sack, tied on an apology for a hat, and, shutting the door of her fireless room, wandered out once more in the search of employment.

Mrs. Parsons met her as she closed the front door.

"What you paid me, Miss Ray, was for last week. This week is due to-night, and if you don't think you can meet it, I have another lodger as is anxious for your room."

"I will try to pay you something to-night, Mrs. Parsons," faltered Kitty, as cheerfully as she could. But her heart was heavy as lead, and the lump in her throat, when she tried to speak again, threatened to choke her.

On she went, out of shabby Eighth Avenue into Fourteenth Street, until she reached Broadway, bright entrancing Broadway, where happy smiling faces, handsome jewelled ladies and rich men pass and repass, until one forgets, in the splendor, the poor beggar on the street corner, and fails to notice the pinched desperate faces mixing now and then in the motley crowd.

Store after store Kitty entered, only to meet with disappointment. She walked until five o'clock, and then, as the day was darkening, stepped into a confectioner's and spent her precious ten cents for refreshments. She lingered as long as she could over the cold biscuit and cup of tea, then wandered once more into the dark street, where now and then a light flashed out to cheer the passers-by.

It had grown intensely cold; tiny snow-flakes came floating down, and the cutting wind, rattling around the corners, made Kitty shrink against the big houses for protection. She never knew afterwards how long she walked that night, nor where she wandered. The snow grew thicker and thicker, and finally Kitty only groped her way onward.

She turned at length from Fifth Avenue into Forty-Second Street, and on the deserted sidewalk only a solitary figure passed her now and then. She was quite blue

with the cold, and her limbs were numb and grew incapable of supporting her. She heard the heavy bells clang out a late hour, but still did not realize her desperate condition. Homeless, friendless, the once petted, spoiled Kitty Ray? O no, it was not possible; actual misery, without a shelter for her head, could never in reality come to her, she declared to herself, in a dazed sort of way. She paused at length before the bright windows of an elegant mansion, and gazed in with childish curiosity. There, in the drawing-room, stood a young lady, with her ruby silks floating far away from her. A motherly lady in black sat talking with her, and they laughed and chatted as if no such thing as starvation and crime existed in the world. The appointments of the parlor were palatial, but they did not bring poor Kitty to a realization of her misery as did the scene in the room below. In the front basement was spread a snowy table. Fragrant meats, steaming coffee, vegetables and dainties filled the board, and a fat petted spaniel was eating a delicate slice of meat that Kitty longed for.

This dog was overfed and comfortable, as it snapped at the servant's heels, and stretched its lazy limbs before the glowing fire; and yet a human being, with warmth and food so tantalizingly near, was perishing in the street outside. The sight rendered Kitty, half roused from her unconsciousness, desperate. Money she must have, or where would the night find her? Death by cold, or the alternative of crime, was all that was left her. Money, was her hungry cry, and then, standing there in the cold and darkness, she clutched at a desperate chance of winning some. With her small hand extended, she leaned against the heavy base of the stone balustrade and sang in a sweet sad tone a familiar song.

It was one that Gerald had loved, and told of a passion deep and undying. She sang one verse, and then the lady in ruby silk flashed down the steps and entered her carriage, which was a warm nest of satin and glass, without one glance at the poor shivering figure so close beside her.

Kitty choked, but commenced the second stanza. A loafer paused, and, leering in her face, muttered a few insulting words. She staggered, and the song ended in a quivering despairing cry to God for mercy.

The door of the house before her opened, a figure sprang down the steps three at a time, Kitty felt a strong arm catch her as she fell, and then sank into oblivion.

When the young girl revived, she found herself in a luxurious apartment, comfortably seated in a soft armchair, drawn up before the glowing fire, with the kind motherly lady she had seen before bending anxiously over her. It was so restful, this feeling of being cared for, that Kitty did not dare to break the spell, but sat with half-closed eyes scanning the room and its occupant.

The lady left the room, and Kitty sat there perfectly contented until she heard the door open again. But she was too weak to care much who it was, and did not turn around. Two warm hands covered her eyes, and the voice she still loved the best in all the world, asked:

"What good magician has given me Kitty once more? Darling, how could you be so cruel as to leave me without one word? I have been searching ever since for you, but if you hadn't sung that blessed song, I never should have found you. God only knows what misery it has saved you."

Kitty, already worn out, sobbed with joy as Gerald took her in his arms and stroked her glossy hair. She forgot the past for a few delicious moments, then Gabrielle's face, dark and scornful as she had last seen it, came between her and happiness. Very gently but very resolutely she pushed Gerald away.

"No, Mr. Grayson, you may be married by this time; at least another has a stronger claim upon you than I. You must not treat me in this way, Gerald; the street, starvation, *anything* is better than this!"

"My wife will be glad to receive you, I am sure," answered Gerald, composedly. "She knows you are here, is less spirited than she was, and, I think, has forgiven me the past."

"Your wife?" gasped Kitty. "O, she will never receive me. I must go, Gerald! I fled from Ferndell to escape Gabrielle, and I will go into the street again rather than bear her insults."

Her strength had returned to her, and she began resolutely putting on her bonnet. Gerald tied the strings under her chin.

"Very well, Kitty; of course, if you won't forgive me, you won't. But I am sure my wife will treat you kindly. She is in

the library, so we may as well go in and see her for a few moments, at least."

Very reluctantly Kitty suffered herself to be led along the hall to the door of the library. How would Gabrielle receive her? she wondered. She drew back as Gerald turned the knob of the door.

"Your wife isn't here!" declared Kitty, with a sigh of relief, as she saw that the small room was empty.

"You are mistaken, little one!" laughed Gerald, pointing to a large mirror. "Allow me to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Grayson, at your service. There in that glass is my wife, Kitty. 'Dost thou like the picture?'"

Kitty's face grew scarlet with blushes, but Gerald held her close, and she could not escape him. She looked once more at the pale little face in the glass, and, with a touch of her old willfulness, exclaimed:

"She isn't a bit pretty, and hasn't a particle of style! I am astonished at your choice, Gerald Grayson."

"She is a jewel, for all that," laughed Gerald, emphasizing the remark with a kiss. "Poverty and trouble may have dimmed my diamond a little, but with a setting such as I intend giving it, it will adorn my home, I am sure. I mean to keep it very bright and dazzling, Kitty. I must tell you now how Gerald Grayson grew to hate himself after you left him. I saw myself in a true light the night after you ran away, and despised myself for my weakness as I reviewed the past. I requested an interview with Miss Gabrielle, and told her that I did not love her as I thought she deserved to be loved, and would not render her miserable by making her my wife. I therefore released her from her engagement. And what, forsooth, did Miss Gabrielle answer? She looked at me coolly, then said she believed love had not once been mentioned before in our relations towards each other. It had been merely a business arrangement between our parents; she therefore refused to release me under the circumstances. I left her wild with rage. She knew that I meant to marry you, Kitty, and was determined that I should not. I knew I lost all my fortune if I broke the engagement myself, but I cared very little for money

then. I declared I would be a slave no longer, and vowed I would be free. I met a college chum and confided my troubles to him. He looked sober, then clapped me on the shoulder.

"Old fellow, it's a shame, but that vixen is bound to stick to you. These women in pursuit of fortunes beat the dickens! By George, you shan't be sacrificed, Grayson?"

"He left me abruptly, and the next day I received this note."

He held the note towards Kitty, who read with astonishment:

"MR. GRAYSON,—As you expressed a wish Tuesday evening that our engagement should end, I voluntarily break it myself. I release you from your promise, and give as my reason that I do not think you possess enough stability of character to make me happy. GABRIELLE TREMONT."

Gerald laughed at Kitty's puzzled face.

"For 'stability of character,' read 'hard cash,' and you have the key to the mystery, Kitty. That blessed Dick Edson had hurried to Gabrielle's and trumped up a story of my ruin financially. It was dreadfully wicked, but I forgive him when I behold the blessed consequences."

"Well, and I am thankful, too," declared Kitty, with an ecstatic little sigh of happiness; "everything is so pleasant and cheerful, dear Mrs. Grayson," turning to that lady, who had already welcomed her kindly as Gerald's friend, "and it is really so delightful, this feeling of being cared for."

"Poor child," answered Gerald's mother, "you deserve happiness, after all your hardships. The idea of Gerald's wife ever singing in the streets for a living! I declare, it makes me shiver when I think of how many poor girls must be driven to crime and suicide by the criminal neglect of the rich!"

Mrs. Grayson proved a model mother-in-law, and did not follow the example of the cruel parents in plays who "refuse their consent." Everything went merry as a marriage-bell; in fact, there was a wedding a week later, and Kitty, happiest of all happy little women, became Gerald's bride and mistress of his New York mansion.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

"GUILTY!" When that word rang through the crowded court-room, there was not a sound to break its awfulness. It struck like a heavy blow upon the silence, and made the hearts of every listener for an instant thrill with pity. Some one was doomed to death. Somebody stood on the boundary of eternity, with all life's worth and wealth luring him back, with mocking smiles and scornful eyes.

A hush for a moment hung like a cloud over the assembly, then there burst forth a dry, tearless sob, and some one with a wailing, despairing cry said:

"Father!"

Then all again was silent, but eager eyes peered sharply to discover the owner of that grief-broken voice, and heads were bent earnestly forward. Then there came a shuffling of feet, and the officers with the prisoner came down the room.

He was a magnificent specimen, and seemed to verify the words, "God created man in his own image." He towered several inches above any one near him, and his chest was broad and perfectly developed. A handsome head with a broad forehead, white as milk near the hair, and bronzed a little lower down, as was the entire lower portion of his face, exhibited a thoughtful and generous nature, and his eyes were tender as a woman's. There was not a sign of distress save the grieved white lips, otherwise the face was as serene as a summer's day. Just behind him walked a child—his child you knew at once,

by the striking resemblance—a little girl of eleven or twelve years of age. There was not a tear in the glittering brown eyes, but her face was white and rigid as death, and her tiny hands clenched fast together, betrayed a fearful struggle within.

"You will not drive me away yet, will you?" she pleaded, as they neared the door. "I want to talk with poor father."

"I've nothing to say about it. I can't let you go below with us, but I guess you can come to-morrow," said the officer.

"Can't I go now?" she asked, grasping his arm.

"No, not now."

She said not a word but sprang forward and clung to the prisoner.

"Mary, little daughter! Do you forget poor mother?"

"No, no, no! But what can I say to her? How can I tell her? What can I do?"

"Tell her to pray for me, and trust in God. Be a brave little girl, and comfort her as I would."

She stood up.

"And I shall tell her that I'll die to prove you a good man; and, father, I shall do it."

She stood aside and watched them as they walked down the hall, and disappeared; saying to herself, "Yes, I'm going to save him. He shall not die, he shall not be—" her white lips trembled at the word, "hung." She did not notice the crowd that was surging through the open door and rudely pushing her. She

saw nothing but the path he had taken down the hall into the open air. Her brown eyes were dull and vacant, and her lips cold and white. It was a strange sight, and the curious crowd gathered in hundreds about her. She did not see them; a hazy, filmy veil seemed spread before her eyes, and a numbness like death possessed her.

"It's poor little Mary Neilson," said a kindly voice, from the crowd; "some one order take her home."

"Little Mary," said a woman, stepping forward and taking her hand.

She did not hear them, but when the woman's arm stole around her, she sank bereft of life and strength into her lap.

"She must go home," said the woman. "Poor thing! she's a weakly creature, and this has proved too much for her. No wonder. Poor Neilson!"

"Hush!" The thin hand was raised. "Hush! He will not die. Some one says it is all well. Some one says, 'Mary, don't cry,' and Mary will not. I can see him climbing a hill where purple flowers and long-stemmed grasses wave their heads. There is a river at its foot, in which pebbles and yellow sand are lying as thick as they can lie. Now he's walking swiftly over the plain, talking wildly, and turning back to the white house away up on the hill. Then he goes on, on, on, O, so very fast that I cannot—O, I cannot—yes, I see him. It is the train which passed under the bridge below our house, and he is going away in it. O! O! mother, mother!" She threw out her hands, and her face expressed the wildest emotions with fear and horror predominating. "Right down over the steep, slippery bank with a fearful crash. Don't you hear them groan? See, they are bringing them out all covered with—O! with blood! There he is, but, he is not dead. There's a cut upon his head, and his arm hangs down at his side."

A convulsive spasm passed her face, and she moved wearily, and the awe-struck crowd pressed nearer.

"He is very weak and sick. I cannot speak to him. He is miles on miles away. It is a little bit of a house, on a broad field where there is not a tree in sight. There are flowers and grass, a lot of it, and when I look away off, it looks like water. They will take care of him and make him well, but he should not toss and growl so much. He talks about some one—some woman, I think—I am not sure, for I cannot hear her name."

Again that terrible convulsion swept her face, and she passed her hand across her brow. Her eyes grew again bright and deep, and she stood up with an effort, and looked in wonder upon the crowd.

"Are you ready to go home, Mary?" asked the woman who had held her.

"Yes. I forgot where I was. Have I been asleep?"

"Perhaps so."

The crowd parted, and allowed her to pass with a deference and tenderness they might give a queen, and with her companion the condemned felon's child passed out.

It was a wonderful case. Months before young Ray Berkely had disappeared. Neilson was foreman in the great factory of which he was a joint owner. They never agreed. From the hour of his coming, with his vague ideas of mechanism, gathered from books carelessly read, and from men who knew less than himself, there was open warfare. For fifteen years Neilson had lived in the heart of that great, noisy crashing mass of animated iron and steel, and there was not a bolt nor bar, screw nor valve, that he was not as familiar with as with his own name. He smiled at first at young Berkely's suggestions, but when he found the man in earnest, he stepped forward with the superiority of a practical machinist, and remonstrated against the foolhardy alterations which were then under consideration. Berkely was not a snob, but his education had given him as vague and indefinable ideas of equality as of machinery, and when Neilson, in his rough overalls and dirt-begrimed face, came forward and stood there beside him, in his snowy linen and perfectly fitting broadcloth, he felt a right to order him, with a severe censure for his boldness, back to his work.

Neilson obeyed, but his teeth left a mark upon his under lip, and from beneath his sullen brows he shot an angry glance at his perfumed superior.

"It's no use, Ray," expostulated the senior partner, his uncle. "Neilson has managed the works for fifteen years, and the profits have been immense. It is all folly to think of making alterations."

And Berkely went away muttering about old fogies and ignorant louts.

He was betrothed to Genie Hosmer, the heiress of Riverland, a fine old estate situated upon a high hill which overlooked the river. In these stormy days her heart and temper were sore tried. He seldom came without a

bitter story of his miserable attempts at alterations, and innumerable curses for Neilson and other rebellious spirits, which seemed to hold, in a demoniacal power, the entire control of his mighty machines in the old factory.

He became like a haunted creature, and wandered in feverish restlessness, pursued forever by the intricacies of his works, and their presiding genius, Amos Neilson.

One night Genie Hosmer said as she stood at her door:

"I am half afraid to trust you, Ray. The servants say that there is a great stir among the workmen. Your desire to reduce the power will throw many out of employment, will it not?"

"Yes, and save one half the expense under which we are now laboring."

"But you are making money enough. Neilson is an old workman and understands everything well, and why don't you let it go on? Let Neilson have his way. He knows best."

Poor Genie was terrified by the look he gave her.

"And so you turn away from me! O God, Genie, I believe I am growing crazy."

He did not pause to say good-night, but hurried away through the darkness, and she in her heart half believed him right when he spoke of growing crazy.

It was a heavy night, with only an occasional flash of blue light to break the dense darkness, and very few ventured beyond the village street. There was sufficient to keep them busy, and those who were not at home were in the barroom, the post-office or the stores, talking and commenting upon the strange battle between Berkely and Neilson.

A little past eight Neilson looked into the grocery store, and said to one:

"Have you a horse here, James?"

"No, I walked down. Do you want him?"

"It is no matter. I am going over to the Hill to get the doctor; my wife's a little out to-night, and I thought if you had your horse here I would borrow him for an hour or so. However, I can walk about as well."

"It's a little duskish, aint it?"

"Yes."

He walked away, and the crowd went on with their gossip. On the following morning Neilson made his appearance in a pitiful plight. He was as pale as death, and over one eye, a long cut extended quite across his temple, back beneath his hair. A fall, he said, from the plank bridge, which spanned

the river a little way below the highway, had caused it. He ventured, on his way home from the Hill, to take the footpath through the woods, and the planks gave way and let him fall into the water. No one doubted him then.

Before night the town was noisy with inquiries for Berkely. He had not been seen since he left Genie Hosmer at her door, and he could not be found within the limits of the town.

Just at nightfall, a party of laborers, crossing the plank bridge where Neilson had met his accident, found a glove, a handkerchief and a knife. The glove was torn in several places, and the handkerchief which bore the letters R. B., and the clasp-knife, were covered with blood.

Of course they were identified as belonging to the missing man, and immediately the air was thick with blood and murder. Before noon on the following day, Amos Neilson lay a hopeless, helpless prisoner in the jail.

The well-known feud which existed between them was sufficient to convince the public mind that Neilson had killed Berkely, and other circumstances combined to make as clear a case of willful murder as ever came before a court of justice.

Neilson had a few friends. The senior Berkely was one. He too thoroughly understood the honest, high-spirited fellow to doubt him, and knew the nature of his nephew too well to deem him incapable of suicide, or any other rash, impetuous deed which his ill temper suggested. He testified to the fact that Ray left him on the night of his disappearance, in a perfect fury. The combatants had exchanged words during the day, and Ray swore to be avenged. He even begged his uncle to discharge Neilson, and fairly ground his teeth in rage when he refused him.

Miss Hosmer's testimony verified the truth of Mr. Berkely's statement. Ray was in a state of terrible excitement, and seemed capable of doing anything to rid himself of the troubles which were pursuing him.

The testimony of the workmen went further. Occasional threats from Neilson were distinctly remembered, and the conversations between the two were many of them entirely repeated.

Others, ten or twelve at least, recognized the clasp-knife as having belonged to the prisoner, and the evidences of a struggle were clear in Neilson's pale face, and the bruises which were afterwards discovered.

It was fully believed, that on his return from the Hill he overtook Berkely, and that they resumed their quarrel and a fight ensued, in which Neilson conquered, but he denied all knowledge of the affair. He stood up before his accusers, when they sought to beg a confession from him, and only replied:

"I am innocent, so help me God!"

In the spring-time he had his trial, and they led him back to his cell, a condemned man.

Through the dreary days of his imprisonment little Mary had been his comforter. She had flitted from the bedside of her sick mother to his dismal cell, and worked with a will which shamed many a woman. She had so much faith in her father that she could not believe they would condemn him. She had told him so, with a radiant, smiling face, day after day, when he sat gloomy and despondent, and many times cheered him so well that he began also to have hope. But the blow came, and crushed and broken, he reentered his cell, from which he was never to come forth until he came forth to die.

From the hour of the strange scene in the courthouse, which one imputed to hysterics, another to clairvoyance, and one or two willfully skeptical ones to her own artfulness, little Mary became bright and cheerful. She went on with her work, with a courage and light-heartedness surprising to every one.

Neilson was condemned to die, but the day of his execution was indefinable, and she reminded every one who came near her of this fact.

"My father may be saved—" she would quietly say.

Miss Hosmer was her best friend. In her grief for her betrothed her generous heart did not forget the more than orphaned child, and in each other's company these bereaved ones found great comfort.

"If Mr. Berkely had only listened to you, Miss Genie, he would have been happier. Don't you think so?" asked Mary, one day.

"To me? What did I say?"

"Did you not tell him to be content with what he had?"

"Yes, but who told you?"

"I don't know. Somebody did. Somebody tells me a great deal of late. But, Miss Genie, it is not clear. There's a great load upon my head. I often think that if you would put your hand there, it would all go away. You or somebody like you. Sometimes when you take my hands there's a strange feeling goes

up, away up into my shoulders, and it pricks, pricks, like many little pains."

A faint smile came to Genie's white lips. She prayed that she had no mesmeric power to touch this strange child, and wake her slumbering spirit to action, for to her it seemed horrible.

"Will you rub my head, only just a little, Miss Genie?"

She mechanically put forth her hands and laid them up on the low white forehead.

"O Genie, how pleasant it seems. It all slides away like a heavy great cloud, and I feel, O Genie, as though I stood away up on a tiny place in the blue sky, with nothing but air, air, air!" Don't move your hand! If you do I'll fall! O, there's a strange face—I've seen it before. It is one that would bring you, and me, and others a world of pleasure. I'm going to bring it here. It would have been here days ago, but for that rolling field, and the lame arm, and the bad temper that would not let the arm get well. It can't be a great way off. And yet it looks so strange—so white and calm, and it used to be dark and stormy like the Hill on a winter's night. There'll be a great time in the street. They will shout and laugh as you and I will. Genie, do you see that face?"

"No, child," answered Genie, with a shudder.

"You will by-and-by. You'll be very glad to see it. I suppose you'll see it clearer than I do. Sometimes it is hid away from me, by a crowd, or smoke, or a hill. Strange things come up, but I never lose it. I always know where it is, even if I don't see it. O the garden, the air, the flowers, Genie—"

The little head fell back upon her arm, and the child lay motionless as a corpse. A desire to keep the reappearance of this singular state a secret, possessed her, and gently removing her head to the sofa she arose and fastened the door. The long windows were open, but she knew that none of the servants would enter there, and throwing a shawl over the child she sat down beside her. Through the long afternoon she slept, breathing with a regularity that indicated peace in mind and body. Miss Hosmer would not awaken her, for she knew that she was exhausted, and needed rest, and twilight crept on, and still she sat there.

With the increasing darkness came a desire for company, but not caring to arouse any one, she drew the lace curtains and lighted a lamp.

"Genie! Why, I'm still here!" And Mary suddenly sat up and looked wildly about her.

"Yes, dear. You have been sleeping all the afternoon. Hark! There is some one on the piazza. I wonder who has called at this hour?"

"Shall I go?"

"Not yet. Whoever it is, I shall be at leisure to entertain you until I can send one of the servants home with you. It is not safe to go alone. I do not feel like seeing visitors."

There was a rustle at one of the curtains.

"If you say so, Genie, I will go away again." And Ray Berkely sprang in and stood before her.

She could not speak. Her eyes were wild with terror, and had he not caught her with his warm, living hands she would have fainted and fallen to the floor.

"Why, Genie, are you frightened? You look as though you had seen a ghost."

"I thought you one. Are you alive, or am I dreaming?"

"I am alive, I believe, and you are awake; but if this young lady does not cease her strange antics and tears, I shall believe neither one nor the other."

In five minutes he knew the whole story, and with tears in his eyes he turned to Mary, who in her happiness was crouched upon the floor at his feet, and gathered her up in his arms.

"Thank God, that I am not too late."

"And to-morrow we will go and open the prison doors, and lead poor Neilson home in triumph."

"No, Genie, not to-morrow, but to-night. Think, darling, how wearily each hour drags to a condemned man. To-night he must know it; he must be liberated if it can be done."

In his lonely cell Neilson sat counting the hours as they dragged on, or pacing up and down, praying, moaning, begging for mercy, when through the clear air came a confused murmur of voices, that swelled into a roar and echoed like thunder in his ears. Some one was coming rapidly down the corridor, with loud cries. Impatient hands were at the door, and when it opened, a flood of light streamed upon Mary, Miss Hosmer and—O, it could

not be!—yes, Ray Berkely were dragging him forth.

How he ever came out beneath the free blue sky he never clearly knew. He only felt himself borne above a crowd who were shouting his own and Berkely's name, and soon after was kneeling in peaceful silence by the bedside of his happy wife.

"I fled from Riverland," said Berkely, in telling his story, "and ran hastily down the footpath across the plank bridge. Upon the bridge I fell, and as a moment before I had taken my knife to cut a staff from the hedge, it was of course my fortune to cut myself severely. I instantly tore aside my glove, and wrapped my hand in my handkerchief. This did not stay the bleeding, and angrily I threw them all away and gathered some leaves from a bush beyond the bridge. I walked on all night, and part of the following day. Then I became exhausted, and at the first town, found the depot, and entered the cars. I travelled night and day for nearly a week, not knowing nor caring whither I was bound. At the end of the seventh day we were thrown into a deep and rock-bottomed valley, by the carelessness of the engineer, and there I paused. I was dragged from the wreck with a broken arm, and a terrible cut upon my head. In a cabin on the prairie I found a resting-place; and there I worried myself into a fever, and cursed myself and all the world. Something came over me while I lay there, a calmness, a knowledge of my folly and wrongdoing. When after months of suffering I arose from my bed, I felt like a new being. Neilson, you and I can thank God together."

"I knew it would be so, did I not, Miss Genie? Somebody or something told me so. It never came before, but in our great trouble it saved mother and me, and perhaps all of us." And Mary laid her head upon her father's arm. The works went on as they had gone for fifteen years, and Berkely had so much faith in Neilson, that a year ago he admitted him into the firm.

Old ladies tell long tales of Mary Neilson's gift, but she has forgotten it, and only calls it a dream, or any name that occurs, as seems the whole of those dark months in her young life.



SAY'S THANKSGIVING GUEST.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

"We should be thankfuller if we were going to have turkey, and plum-pudding, and nuts, and raisins, and everything nice for dessert; if we were going to have lots of company, and lived in a big house, like we used to. We should be a good deal thankfuller, shouldn't we, mamma?" said Say, with rather a rueful face at the cold joint of meat that was to serve as their Thanksgiving dinner.

"We ought to be just as thankful for what we have, my dear," said Mrs. Harris. "We'll make believe that we have just as good as anybody, and forget all about the turkey and plum-pudding. Poor folks should be just as thankful as rich ones." She tried to speak cheerfully, but sharp-eyed little Say saw that her eyes were moist.

"But I do want plum-pudding. I sarnt be thankful!" shouted Will, in most unorthodox rebellion. And he began to cry lustily.

"Be quiet, Will," said Say, "and I'll tell you the story mamma told me last night while you were sleeping."

"No, no!" persisted Will. "I will have—"

"Once there were two little brooks born side by side up in a great mountain," began Say, and his tears were stayed with surprising suddenness. "Now these were merry little brooks, and they played together for a long time in a little green hollow on the top of the mountain; but when they grew larger and older, and their voices, so clear and ringing, were heard far down in the valley, their queen thought it was time they should be doing something in the world, and bade them set out for the river as soon as they could. And they were glad enough to obey her, for they were tired of running in one little green place."

"I say I want plum-pudding!" piped Will again, the absence of giants making the story rather tame to his critical ears.

But Say went on, never heeding the interruption. "So they started together one sunshiny morning. They took great leaps over the rocks; they struggled through

little fairy forests of fern. When it was dark they sang to themselves to keep from being frightened; and when it was bright they laughed and shouted so that all the birds began to mimic them. And at last, after they had travelled very far, they found themselves in a merry green meadow.

"What a wide world it is!" said one little brook, blinking its eyes with surprise.

"And what a bonnie one!" said the other, tripping a bluebell that stood in its way.

"They found so many friends in the meadow that they could hardly get along for greeting this one and that one. There were the daisies, keeping house in little grassy tents, who sent them an invitation to dine. The roses nodded at them, and begged them not to hurry so fast. The birds pressed them to attend a grand concert in the woods near by. The buttercups rustled their satin dresses, and begged them to come and sit at their feet, if only for one moment; and the bees, though they were always so busy, half promised to keep holiday with them, if they would wait.

"Let us stay," said one little brook to the other. "See how dark our path is growing before us; and it is so pleasant and sunny here, and there are such merry folks to keep us company. Surely, we need not hurry to reach the river; and we have travelled such a long distance. Why shouldn't we have a holiday now?"

"But the other little brook said:

"No. I have had holidays enough, and I shall hasten on. The queen said it was time I was doing some good in the world, and I long to be in the river, and help carry the beautiful ships."

"Well," said the other little brook, "you can go, but I shall stay here until nightfall. And when you are in that dreadfully dark wood, you will look back at me playing in the sunshine, and wish you had stayed with me, I'm sure."

"So they kissed each other good-by over the nose of a bluebell, and went their separate ways. It was dark and fearful in the woods; the trees frowned down on the

little brook like tall grim giants, and it could not see the sky. But it kept heart by singing a merry song; and before it had time to grow discouraged it reached the river. The great wide sky, without a cloud, was bending over it, and all the waves were filled with strange beautiful voices. It felt great sails rustle over it; it seemed to be carried along in the arms of cool winds, without any effort of its own; and its heart was filled with a delight it had never dreamed of before.

"But the little brook found it so pleasant in the meadows that he forgot after a while that there was any other life than that; that there was anything to do in the world but to kiss a daisy-bud and flatter a rose. When he did get tired of it at last, and remembered that he was on the way to the river, he found that he had lost his path; and after a long and vain search for it, finally died of weariness in the noon-tide heat. And nobody remembered or cared anything about it, only a forlorn little bird, that had loved its singing. He came and mourned a little in its vacant place, but he thought, after all, what a foolish brook it was, for it might have lived forever, when it only lived a day."

Will looked rather bewildered, but seemed deeply impressed by the rewarded virtue of the good brook, and clamored no more for plum-pudding. Say had made the moral of the story rather more prominent than her mother had done when she told it to her.

"Mamma," said Say, after a little serious meditation, "things happen to everybody else; why doesn't anything happen to us? Everything's always just the same. Nobody comes to see us, and we never go to see anybody; and you do nothing but just work, work, work, all the time. There is Betty Eaton, she's poor, too, but her uncle came home from sea one day and brought her a parrot; and sometimes two aunts come to see her. Then there's little Mary Murphy, she's awful poor; her mother washes, but she's going to have company to-day. Her mother told her she might invite somebody to dinner. Wouldn't it seem thankfuller to have somebody besides ourselves, anyway?"

"Who would you invite, my dear?" said Mrs. Harris, laughing. "I don't know of any one who would be likely to come, with

the exception of old Uncle Toby. He would be highly flattered by an invitation from you, I've no doubt."

Uncle Toby was an old colored man, who sawed wood in the neighborhood, and with whom Say was very intimate. She was socially inclined, and made friends with him in the street.

"Uncle Toby has been invited to his daughter's, and he is going to have turkey for dinner," said Say, regretfully.

The unfortunate mention of turkey roused Will again, who, after the quieting influence of Say's story, had been meditatively pulling off the head of his sister's rubber doll.

"Don't fret, Will, and I'll take you out to walk, after I have helped mamma set the table," said Say, coaxingly.

"Mamma, if I meet anybody while I'm out—any very poor body, perhaps—who would not be likely to have as good a dinner as ours, may I ask her to come and dine with us? May I ask anybody that I please? I'll only ask one."

And Mrs. Harris, whose thoughts were far away in happier Thanksgiving days, said yes, though she had not heeded Say's question.

So Say smoothed every wrinkle out of the snowy table-cloth, arranged all the dishes with the nicest care, and after everything else was completed, she plucked a bright scarlet blossom from her geranium, and shading it in the most artistic manner with a few green leaves, placed it in the centre of the table in a little crystal vase. The sunshine came in, and made a great brightness of its rich petals, the glasses sparkled like silver, and Say thought things *did* begin to look a little like Thanksgiving, after all. It was a clear bright day, with just enough snow on the ground to make it look like winter. Say's shoes were so thin and old, that her feet were cold, but she had grown so light-hearted all of a sudden, that she did not mind it at all.

"Mamma says sometimes that she feels as if something were going to happen; and I feel edzactly so now," she remarked to Will, who trudged sturdily along by her side. "And it's something good, Will—something very good, remember."

"I've been good to-day, haven't I?" said Will, doubtfully. He had implicit faith in Say, and the idea of any good thing's happening made him reflect that he might

be shut out in the cold. The bad boys in Say's stories were always as mercilessly punished as the good ones were vigorously rewarded.

"Well, pretty good," said Say, wishing to be as indulgent as her conscience would allow.

"I think I should be gooder if I were to have some candy," he remarked, as they stood before the tempting window of a confectioner's shop.

Say never could pass that window without peeping in. It was a little consolation to be allowed to look at such good things. There was a great candy castle in the centre, with a little candy lady standing in the door, taking a view of the tempting heaps of bonbons that were piled up in her doorway. Will wished he were in her place. Then there were dainty little baskets full of chocolate cream-drops, and caramels, and wine-drops; gilded sheaves full of rich-colored fruits, a great cake under a white frosting of lilies; and in the midst of this wilderness of sweets, in the courtyard of the castle, played a clear little fountain, whose trickle was wonderfully suggestive of melted sugar.

"Couldn't you get one, one checkerberry peppermint?" pleaded Will, catching at Say's dress.

"No, dear, not to-day. I haven't any pennies. Some day I will."

"Well, I can't be good without it," he announced, desperately; and began to cry with all his might.

"Dear me!" said Say; "I ought to have known better than to stop here with him. Will, you must stop crying, or I shall take you home now. Some day I'll buy you a lot of candy, if you're good."

"Taint no use to be good," said Will, despairingly. "I has been good."

"What's the matter with the little boy?" said a gentleman, who had been standing near by for some time, strangely observant of Say's pretty wistful face under the old red hood.

"Wants candy," said Will, speaking for himself.

Say blushed, and tried to draw him away from the spot; but a ray of hope had crept into his greedy little mind, and he refused to stir an inch.

"Will you tell me what your name is?" said the gentleman, coming nearer, and bending over poor mortified Say.

"My name is Sarah Fairlee Harris," said she, smiling up into his face.

"I like him. He looks good," she thought; "and he is so handsome! He looks like the picture of the brave knight in my story-book."

The gentleman changed color, and looked down at the child's ragged old boots and folded gown with an expression in his face that puzzled her very much.

"And what's the name of the boy that wants candy?" he said, pinching Will's chubby cheek.

"William," said he, smiling with great amiability through his tears.

"Well, I suppose he may as well have candy, if he wants it." And he rushed into the store, before Say could say a word.

"O Will! what will mamma say? You just the same as asked the gentleman to give you candy!"

Will could not be brought to feel his guilt, but expressed himself as being confident in his own goodness, and was quite satisfied with the world just then.

In a few moments the gentleman appeared, perfectly laden with dainties. Such a reckless profusion of chocolate cream-drops, caramels, cocoa-nut cake, and kisses had never fallen to the lot of either of the children before.

"O sir, how very good you are!" Say exclaimed. "But I am afraid mamma will not like it."

As for Will, he could hardly believe his own senses; and his eyes shone as much with wonder as delight.

"Do you live near here?" asked the gentleman. "I believe I used to know your mother. I used to know her when she was a little girl, no larger than you are. Weren't you named for her? You certainly are very like the little Say Fairlee I used to go to school with."

"Why, how nice," said Say, "to think that you used to know mamma when she was a little girl! I was named for her; papa named me."

There was a bit of a cloud on her friend's face when she named papa that did not escape Say's notice.

"If you used to know mamma once, p'raps you'd like to know her again. And I wish you'd come home with us," said she, artlessly. "I'd like to have you dine with us, and so would mamma, I'm sure, only—" and she hesitated—"we aint going

to have turkey or plum-pudding; not a nice dinner, at all. We are very poor, you know, and mamma has had to work very hard since papa died to get any dinners."

"Then your papa is dead?"

"Yes," said Say, sorrowfully, "he's been dead ever since Will was a wee bit of a baby—a very long time." And she did not approve of the gentleman as highly as she had done, because he really looked pleased that her papa was dead.

"I should be delighted to go home with you," said he. "I'm a stranger in the village, and a hotel Thanksgiving dinner isn't likely to make one feel very thankful."

"I'm afraid you won't like our dinner; it's pretty bad, but then, we can have cocoa-nut cakes for dessert, you bought so many."

But before they reached home, her fears on that score had entirely vanished, and she was sure that Mr. Marsh—he had told her what his name was—was the very nicest gentleman she ever saw, as well as the handsomest. She chatted with him incessantly until she reached the door of their house. She confided to him all her little trials, all her little joys, and all mamma's grief and trouble, and he listened to her with such an interested sympathetic face!

"Won't mamma be s'prised?" she said, leading the way into the poor little kitchen, that served them as dining-room, and sitting-room also. And mamma was "s'prised" when she saw the tall stranger enter in such an unceremonious way.

"I invited some one to dinner?" explained Say, triumphantly.

"You surely haven't forgotten me entirely, Sarah?" said the stranger, approaching her, and holding out his hand.

"Frank!" she exclaimed; and grew so white that Say feared she was ill.

Then; to the little girl's utter amazement, what did Mr. Marsh do, but put his arm around her and kiss her! Say's sense of propriety was dreadfully shocked, and she looked on with severity.

But things grew worse and worse. Mamma placed her hand on his shoulder, and cried, and he comforted her with all sorts of endearing words and tender assurances. And they talked about things that she did not understand at all—something about a

mistake, and losing a letter; and all the while they seemed to forget that there was any one else but themselves in the world. Will, taking the advantage of their absorbed state, had eaten all the cocoa-nut cakes.

"My dear little Say," said Mr. Marsh, at last, after they had said everything they had to say, ten times over, according to Say's idea, and the forgotten dinner had grown quite cold on the table, "you didn't know how dear a friend your mamma was to me. Do you know she promised to marry me long before ever she saw your papa? Then something happened—a mistake was made, and we were separated. She thought that I had ceased to care for her, and I thought she had ceased to care for me; and we never found out the truth of the matter until it was too late. And now, after I have missed her all these long years, she has promised again to be my wife; and if I have my way, we are to be married this very day. What do you say, Say—will you be satisfied to have me for a papa? Are you glad you invited me to come and dine with you?"

Then Say repented of her severity, and accepted him as her papa very graciously.

"Mamma," she whispered, full of delight to see her so happy, "I think this is the thankfullest Thanksgiving we ever had, after all!" And Will, with his mouth full of the remnants of the candy-feast, agreed with her fully.

It was a thankful Thanksgiving, truly; and after that there was a very different life for Say, and her mother, and Will. Mr. Marsh was a rich man, and he took them away from the miserable little place where they lived, to his own beautiful home in town, the very next day. He and Mrs. Harris were married in the morning, and Say stood up by her mother's side during the ceremony, the most dignified little bridesmaid in the world. And though she has never since then been obliged to eat a cold dinner in a smoky little kitchen on Thanksgiving day, she always looks back to it as the most delightful Thanksgiving day of her life. And so indeed do Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marsh, for its thankfulness has reached through all their other Thanksgivings days.

SCENE ON THE DANUBE.

The beautiful view on page 517 of the city of Nicopolis on the Danube, cannot fail to interest the reader, who will remember that it was originally founded by Trajan about A. D. 106, and that it gives title to a Greek archbishop and a Catholic bishop. Many exciting and important historical events have been enacted here, and it was under the walls of Nicopolis that the sultan Bajazet I. defeated King Sigismund of Hungary in 1396. This city of Bulgaria is situated on the right bank of the Danube, and consists of two parts: the fortified or Turkish town, which is perched on a line of limestone cliffs, overhanging the river, and an open quarter on the declivity of an adjoining height, inhabited by Bulgarians, Wallachians and Jews.

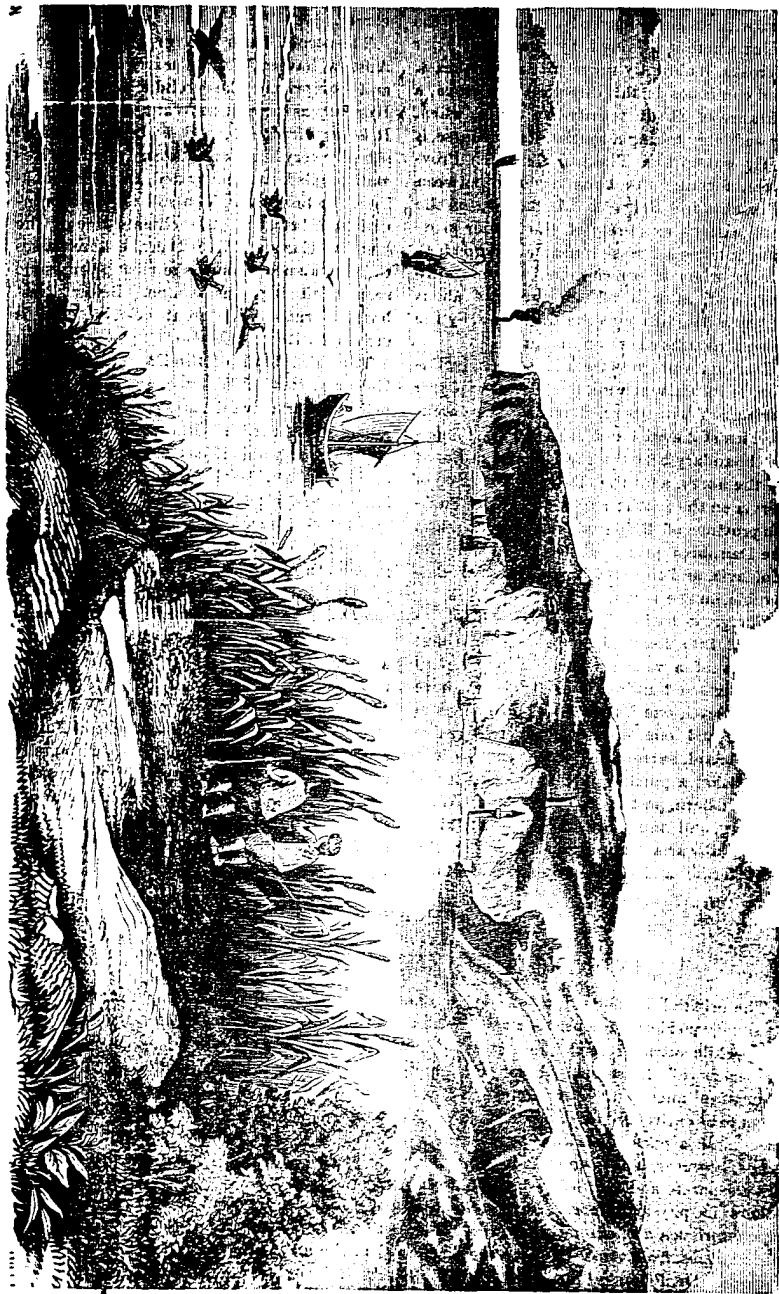
Bulgaria, in European Turkey, has the Danube for its northern, and the parallel chain of the Balkan Mountains for its southern boundary. It is divided into three provinces, of which the chief cities are Sophia, Sistova and Nicopolis. It was the *Moesia Inferior* of the Romans, and derives its name from northern hordes who invaded the country in the seventh century. The history of the Bulgarians presents a series of continued conflicts with the Servians, Greeks and Hungarians on the one hand, and on the other with the Turks, who finally subdued them, and put an end to the existence of a Bulgarian kingdom in 1392. The territory is of the greatest importance to preserve the unity of the Turkish empire, and to neutralize the Russian influence, which is strong in Bulgaria, is a matter of great moment for the Turkish government. In 1853, during the occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia, the line of fortresses along the left bank of the Danube and those in the Balkan range were guarded by a large Turkish army, divisions of which crossed the river opposite Oltenitza and Kalafat, and obtained some slight advantages over the Russians. The St. George's mouth of the Danube is by treaty open to all trading vessels, and to the war ships of Russia and Austria, and measures have been taken to facilitate the somewhat difficult navigation.

Bulgaria and the neighboring provinces of Macedonia are considered to have been the cradle of the old Slavic languages. The ancient Bulgarian dialect was the richest of

them all, and was the Scriptural language of the Greek-Slavic church, and the great medium of ecclesiastical literature in the ancient Slavic lands. After the overthrow of the Bulgarian kingdom at the close of the fourteenth century, the grammatical structure and purity of the language became impaired by mixture with the Wallachian, Albanian, Roumanian, Turco-Tartar, and perhaps Greek vernaculars; and the modern Bulgarian tongue has only the nominative and vocative of the seven Slavic cases, all the next being supplied by prepositions. The article is placed after the word it qualifies, like that of the Albanians and Wallachians. Among the ancient literature may be mentioned the translations of the Bible by Cyril and Methodius, and the writings of John of Bulgary in the tenth century. The literature of the present day is very slender, being almost entirely made up of a few elementary and religious books. Grammars of the language have been published by Neofyt in 1835, and by Christiaki in the following year. Venelin, a young Russian scholar, sent to Bulgaria by the Russian archæographical commission, published in 1837 a grammar and two volumes of a history of the people, but died while he was engaged in preparing a third volume. The Bulgarian national songs are numerous, and similar to those of the Servians.

Our sketch of Bulgaria would be incomplete without some account of the important river which has played so noticeable a part in the history of nations.

The extent of the basin of the Danube is estimated at two hundred and seventy thousand square miles; the direct distance, from source to mouth, upward of one thousand miles; and its development—of course, including windings—eighteen hundred miles. From its source the Danube flows northeast to Regensburg (Ratisbon), in Bavaria; when it takes a southeast-by-south direction, to Waitzen, in Hungary, previously passing Vienna and Presburg. At Waitzen it suddenly bends round, and flows nearly due south to the point where it is joined by the Drave, near Esseg, in Slavonia; thence it runs south-southeast to Belgrade, on the northern confines of the Turkish province of Servia, of which it subsequently forms the boundary, separating it from Hungary. Con-



tinuing its general easterly course, though not without some marked deviations, to the point where it is joined by the small river Bereska, it abruptly turns to the northeast, and continues in this direction to Orsova, a distance of about twenty-five miles, when, by suddenly taking a southeasterly course, it fairly enters the Turkish European Provinces, forming the boundary line between Wallachia and Bulgaria. At Rasso^{va}, on the southeastern extremity of the former province, it takes a direction nearly due north to Galatz, when it bends round to the southeast, and, after a further course of about eighty miles, falls into the Black Sea, by the several mouths above enumerated.

During its progress from its source, in Baden, to its embouchure, the Danube passes through Wurtemberg, Bavaria, the archduchies of Austria, and Hungary, and forms the boundary between the Hungarian Banat on the north, and the Turkish province of Servia on the south; and between the Turkish province of Bulgaria on the south, and the Danubian principalities Wallachia and Moldavia, and the Russian province of Bessarabia, on the north.

The great basin of the Danube has been divided into four minor basins. The first consists of a vast plateau of a pentagonal form, sixteen hundred and forty feet above the sea level, one hundred and fifty miles in length, and one hundred and twenty-five miles broad, surrounded by mountains, and comprising a portion of the principality of Hohenzollern, part of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, and the greater part of the kingdom of Bavaria. The tract is, by far, the most fertile and most populous through

which the Danube passes during its entire career.

The second basin belongs to the empire of Austria, having Vienna nearly in its centre, and comprising the archduchy of Austria, Hungary as far east as Waitzen and Styria. It is very irregular, and is bounded on all sides by very high mountains. Generally it is well peopled, well cultivated, and the inhabitants industrious. The soil is rich in mineral products, and the climate one of the best in Europe. The Danube here passes through a succession of the most picturesque scenery, till it passes Vienna. Below Presburg it runs with great velocity, and is crowded with islands.

The third basin of the Danube comprises Hungary, east of Waitzen, and the principality of Transylvania, and consists of an immense plain, almost without undulations of any kind, and only about four hundred feet above the sea level. It is intersected by large rivers, with marshy banks, and interspersed with stagnant pools, saline and sandy wastes; rich, however, in mineral products, in flocks and herds, and in wines. It comprises about one-half of the entire basin of the Danube. The climate is bad, especially in the vicinity of the marshes, which cover a space of about three thousand square miles.

The fourth basin comprises Wallachia, Moldavia, a portion of Bessarabia and Bulgaria. This tract is flat, inundated, and marshy along the banks of the river; dry, mountainous and difficult, on the borders of the basin. It is fertile in products of all kinds, yet badly cultivated; thinly peopled, with miserable roads and wretched villages.

SEABELLE.

BY CLARA LE CLERC.

Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.

SOLOMON.

Down over the sea, tinging the breakers with their rays of purple and gold, softly fell the arrows of sunset; down over the waves the seabirds skimmed, or hovered with drooping wing; out on the bay white ships swung lightly to and fro at their moorings, while out upon the silvery sands of the shore merry crowds were wont to come and go, charmed by the subdued murmur of the sea. Glad young voices were heard in exclamations of wonder and delight, as the polished pearly shells, those beautiful treasures of the murmuring sea, were found stranded upon the shining beach. But the merry voices hushed their glad cries as they heard the echo of the sea's mournful murmur upon the flushed and folded chambers of these ocean waifs. They, in their childish ignorance, could not discover the cause of the mysterious ceaseless monotone in which the seashells ever strive to tell of their ocean life. Others upon that shining beach gazed seaward, and wondered at the mighty power of the Creator, while some wandered carelessly up and down the silvery strand, seemingly indifferent to all the wonders of Deity spread out so extensively to their gaze.

At some distance from the crowd of merry promenaders, and concealed from them by a huge jutting rock, sat a slight girlish figure, almost a child in appearance, though twenty summers had crowned her fair brow with thought, and kindled the bright burning fires of unrest and yearning for some object yet to be found within those deep, beautiful, gray eyes, the only pretty feature the girl possessed, except her mouth with its sad little droop at the corners. The girl sat motionless, her arms resting upon her lap, her chin supported by the rosy palm of one little hand, while her eyes, deep, sad and fathomless, gazed out upon the sea. Her dress was of some delicate gray material, which fell in graceful folds upon the sands; her large straw hat, with its rose-colored ribbons, lay upon the

rock at her side, and something else rested against the rock, a dainty little rosewood affair, neatly padded, and this clothed the girl's life with sadness. From her infancy up had that cloud hung over her otherwise sunny sky, and all the wealth of the rich old sea-captain Richard Cary, her father, could not clear the sombre shade away. When her life was yet counted by months her beautiful and childlike mother went home to the angels, and Seabelle was left, the idol; the sole object of love and worship for that almost heart-broken old man, mourning his lost darling.

Having procured a suitable attendant, he carried the little one with him on his next voyage upon the great blue deep, and 'twas with great pleasure the father watched his child's growing love for the sea. All went well on the passage out, but on the return, as the nurse one day stood upon deck with her charge resting gently in her arms, the bright merry infant watching the glistening bodies of the sharks as they now and then appeared above the blue waters, clapped her little hands, and cried:

"Me want one! Seabelle know she do want one!" And springing eagerly forward, she fell from her nurse's arms, down, down into the waves below.

Heavens, the confusion upon that deck! In the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the father also battled the waves in the self-same spot where his child had disappeared. A boat was instantly lowered, and touched the water just as the glistening white hair of the captain appeared; but no little head, with rings of tawny golden hair, was seen in his arms. A few yards from him there arose a huge shark, and hanging by one foot from his capacious mouth was the lovely child of the ocean, Seabelle!

In an instant both the father and boat were at the side of the gleaming monster, and as the mate bent over from the boat and thrust his long glistening knife in the fish's side, the father caught his darling in his arms, and both were lifted into the boat. As soon as they were taken on board, the ship's surgeon was quickly called, and amid the tears of that manly

crew, the speechless anguish of the father, and loud wailing of the nurse, the poor little mangled left foot was severed from the snowy ankle. 'Tis true a little artificial foot supplied the place of the lost one, and the dainty gaiter boot always fitted to a charm, yet our Seabelle was forced to use a crutch to assist her in walking. Poor, sensitive little seaflower! How the tears would well up into those gray eyes did any one but glance at her tiny rose-wood support.

It was with the greatest difficulty that her father could prevail upon her to leave her beautiful home for any purpose. She would never go into society, and all the company she could be induced to receive were old friends of her father and mother. She never wished to mingle with those nearer her own age; her sensitive nature seemed to shrink from the careless and mortifying remarks of thoughtless young people. The old captain could never be induced to go to sea again after his darling's misfortune; his whole time and wealth were devoted to the happiness of his sweet and affectionate child.

Teachers the most accomplished were employed, and Seabelle at the age of eighteen was thoroughly finished. No smattering or stammering, as among some boarding-school misses; a good thorough scholar, she delighted in her studies, and seemed perfectly contented when with her books, music, flowers and pets. Birds of every description sang in gilded cages, or swung themselves from perch to perch, almost dazzling one with their gorgeous plumage. Rare old paintings and precious relics from many lands graced the beautiful rooms, making "Cary Hall" a place of beauty and renown; for if any person gained admittance within the fairy-like palace, great were his or her stories concerning the palatial home of the rich old sea-captain Richard Cary. In this "Palace Beautiful" dwelt a sad-eyed little maiden, who seemed to float about with the assistance of a crutch. Lame! they would scarcely believe it, for her peculiar gliding motion, the flowing drapery almost concealing the obnoxious helper, seemed very graceful and winning to all who saw her. Poor child! she could not be taught to think so, and always considered her lameness as a kind of plague spot in her otherwise pleasant life.

Music was with Seabelle a passion. Hours were spent at the organ, harp or piano. She delighted in the songs of the birds, though her beautiful voice was sweeter far! The sighing of the winds among the foliage made sweetest music for her, and even the murmur and roar of the sea, the place of her sad misfortune, chanted a grand anthem to her music-loving soul. Never could she be prevailed upon to attend any place of public amusement, or mingle with the gay crowds that every summer hasten to some fashionable summer resort.

But at length a change came; her father's health was rapidly failing, and being advised by his family physician, Captain Cary sought the seashore, in company with his daughter and her old nurse. Seabelle urged her father to seek some quiet retired spot, and though the number of visitors was not very large that summer, it was sufficiently so to harass poor Seabelle Cary. She seldom left her room except to accompany her father, who felt that he could not exist from his darling's side. Thus she rode or walked with him, seeking no one, knowing no one. Often had they met, in their walks, one who, as Seabelle murmured to herself, "haunted their footsteps." He was a handsome man of some twenty-eight or thirty, and his fine face would brighten at the sight of the aged gray-headed sailor and his youthful companion. The young man always lifted his hat with a polite "good-morning" or "evening," as the case might be, and stepped to one side as the couple passed on.

"The wealthy Captain Cary and his daughter Seabelle," he would mutter under his breath. "What a proud sensitive little thing it is though; wonder why she is so foolish? One scarcely notices her deformity, rather interesting than otherwise, and I know several who would be glad to call the captain 'Father.'" Still *sotto voce* as he sauntered slowly on.

Another circumstance that annoyed Seabelle was this: the stranger's room was only across the hall from their private parlor, and whenever she played and sang, at her father's request, she was sure to hear the door of his room softly opened, and by-and-by slipped feet slowly promenading the hall or veranda in front of their window.

But this was not to last always. There

came a day when the young girl was confined to her room with a severe headache, and her father ventured out alone for his evening walk.

Seabelle lay upon the sofa in a semi-sleeping state, her tawny hair unbound and falling below the girdle of her long white wrapper. By-and-by there was the sound of feet in the hall, a hurried knock at the door, and before she could assume a sitting posture, in answer to her languid "Come in," who should enter but the handsome occupant of the opposite room? With the words, "Do not be alarmed, my dear Miss Cary, he is not seriously injured," he hastened to her side, and briefly explained that her father had been knocked down by a pair of wild runaway horses, and would, perhaps, have been killed, had he not been near the scene of disaster.

"O, where is my dear father?" whispered the frightened girl, with blanched cheeks and quivering lips.

"They are bringing him up. I hurried on in order to apprise you that there is no serious injury. I had a physician immediately summoned, who says that he is only stunned and bruised."

When the pale motionless form of her white-haired father was placed upon the bed before her, Seabelle moaned in her anguish but could not speak, even as her father had grieved over her misfortune in her helpless babyhood.

The handsome stranger, Sydney Morton as he gave his name, seemed to know exactly what to do. He prevailed upon the grief-stricken girl to leave the room in company with her nurse, while he remained and assisted the physician with the wounded gentleman.

An hour later Seabelle was told that her father was conscious and had inquired for her. Sitting by his side, she listened with joy to his low feeble voice as he told her of his accident, and of the kindness of Sydney Morton.

"You would have been fatherless now, my child, had it not been for his bravery in exposing himself to danger in my behalf."

"Do not mention it, I pray you, Captain Cary!" exclaimed the young man, with great earnestness, as he pressed the small hand of Seabelle, which she had extended to him in mute gratitude for his kindness.

For several days the old captain was con-

fined closely to his room, with his darling and Sydney Morton as his constant nurses; and thus the gentle sensitive Seabelle learned to look upon the young man as a little lower than the angels, and to watch for his coming with a strange thrill of her hitherto unawakened heart.

Sydney Morton was a thorough man of the world. He had often boasted of his influence among the ladies, and had been heard to say "there was no such thing as love," and that "he would never yield to its influence, if, indeed, there should be such a feeling." It was with the greatest consternation that he discovered himself to be deeply in love with the little lame girl.

"Ah, well, I can have a pleasant time; one is not compelled to commit himself. I must not yield to the 'little god' at this late day, if possible. What would the world say?" he muttered. "I can make the time pass pleasantly for her and for me, and still no harm will be done. She can go home and forget me, while I can plunge into other gayeties and soon obliterate it all. But what if I should commit myself beyond a recall? I must be careful."

Thus time wore on, and Seabelle's heart had gone out to this man, her whole soul was absorbed in his, and she trembled and wept with a vague unrest lest this love, which she had given unsought, should be discovered.

At the expiration of two or three weeks after her father's accident, she accompanied her father and Sydney to the seashore, and leaving them slowly promenading the sands, betook herself to a jutting rock some distance from the promenaders, where, unseen herself, she might gaze upon old ocean and think, yes, *think*; her whole soul was in a tumult, and that was why the sad yearning and unrest for love yet to be whispered to her young heart dwelt in the beautiful eyes, those mirrors of the soul.

"Who would love me?" at length she moaned. "Who in all the wide world would care aught for a poor lame girl—poor, plain, sensitive me?" And tears gathered in her lovely eyes and fell unheeded on her lap. "I have given my love unsought, and must go through life sad and lonely."

Just then there was the sound of footsteps, and turning hastily, she met the passionate thrilling eyes of Sydney Morton.

"Miss Cary, Seabelle, darling!" And

the young man knelt upon the sands at her side, and placed his arm gently about the little form. "Tears! Why, my darling, what is it? Wont you confide in me?"

With a shivering sob the little head sank upon his shoulder, and Sydney Morton felt the slight form quiver beneath his touch.

"Do you love me so much, my little one? God knows I love you, though I never intended to tell you of it! Look up and say you love me, *ma petite*." And he gently lifted her head, with its mass of tawny braids, from its resting-place, and gazed into her matchless eyes. "The loveliest eyes on earth!" he murmured, as a thrill of ecstatic joy and love passed over him; "and the sweetest mouth!" he continued, as he pressed his lips to those of the happy girl.

Happy! Why, it seemed to her as if heaven had opened to her view; that never had any one been so supremely happy and blessed before. Looking into his dazzling eyes, she whispered:

"And you really love the little lame girl, Sydney?"

"I certainly do, my little darling," he gave for answer.

"And you will *always* love me—you will never prove false to me? Promise me, Sydney; for if you should my heart would break; I could not live!"

"Why, darling, away with such gloomy fears! I love you, and you love me; let us live now in this glorious present, without any dark forebodings for the future." And seating himself by her side, he wound his arm about her, and drew her head once more to its loved resting-place.

After a while the stars came out, shy and loving, shedding a sad yet tender radiance over the lovers, and another footstep, slow and uncertain, was heard upon the sands, for the gray-haired captain was looking for his darling.

"Why, Syd Morton, is it possible?"

"Fred Langly, by Jove!"

The extended hand was warmly clasped, and the two old friends and college chums entered into a long and interesting conversation. Back and forth they paced upon the sands; the minutes grew into hours, the shadows lengthened, and still they paced to and fro. Sydney entirely forgot his engagement with Seabelle and her father for their evening walk. In truth, poor

little Seabelle was not troubling his mind just then, as he walked back and forth, here and there, relating and hearing related the events of the past four or five years. At length the harsh sound of the gong, summoning them to the evening meal, was heard.

"Who thought it so late? Come, Fred, let us go and have tea, then we can finish our chat in my room."

Still arm-in-arm, they sauntered slowly from the shore and wended their way to the hotel. The first table had been served, and glancing at the chair opposite, Sydney Morton missed the sweet face that had learned to smile him a welcome, and the forgotten appointment flashed across his mind.

"But I can make it all right with her," he murmured, as he helped himself to the tempting rolls and bright golden butter before him.

Seabelle sat in the dark parlor, her hands folded listlessly upon her lap, while the thoughts, "Where can he be? What could have kept him from my side?" passed through her brain. Her father slept upon the sofa, and she sat there listening for, and longing to hear, a footstep she knew above all others. At last! Yes, she heard that well-known step in the hall; but he was not alone! They passed the door and seated themselves upon the opposite side of the veranda.

"And so, Syd, you are heart free yet, are you?" laughingly asked a strange voice.

"Yes indeed, old chum; you know I am proof against the beauty, grace, sweetness, etc., of the gentler sex. I expect it will be several good long years before Sydney Morton changes his pleasant bachelor life."

The girl heard each word distinctly as she sat there in the silence and gloom; but O, what a gloom profound was settling down over the young heart!

"Come, confess now, old classmate, are you not *done for* at last? I heard some of the young fellows discussing the affair in quite a lively strain this afternoon directly after my arrival. The remark was this: 'Syd Morton has struck his colors at last to the daughter of a wealthy old sea-captain; a sweet, quiet, lame little girl, Seabelle Cary by name.' 'What, Syd Morton in love?' I exclaimed. 'I have often heard him avow that he did not believe in this

thing called love?" "Well, continued the first speaker, 'if he is not in love with her, he is a great hypocrite and a deuced flirt!' So come, Syd, make me your 'Father Confessor.'" And Fred Langly laughed lightly.

"Pshaw! can't a fellow have a little pleasure without being called to account for it?" came in Sydney Morton's musical voice; yet the girl imagined she detected anger and annoyance, though the speaker tried to conceal all unpleasantness in his tone.

"And you do not love her, and do not intend to marry her?" These words came to the spellbound listener with awful distinctness:

"Have I not told to you before my opinion of love? do you suppose it has changed? But there are such things as *marriages of convenience*, eh, Langly?" And Sydney Morton stretched his handsome person, shook back his jetty locks, and affected a yawn. "Who would object to a pretty, obedient little wife, worshipping your very shadow, a beautiful home, and the old gentleman's coffers at your command? But let us say nothing more on the subject." And leaning his head upon the railing he groaned, under his breath, "My God, what a lie!"

Sitting thus he was aroused by Fred Langly.

"See there, Sydney, what or who is that?"

"Where, what?" cried Sydney Morton. And springing to his feet, he gazed in the direction indicated by his friend.

A slight figure, clad in white, was hastening over the broad walk, on—on toward the open sea. What could it mean? Ah! it all flashed upon the mind of the wretched Morton. The window of the opposite room was open, and *she* had heard *all*.

Now where was she going? The words, "And you will *always* love me; you will never prove false to me; promise me, Sydney; for if you should, my heart would break—I could not live!" rushed through his burning brain.

"God of heaven, it is Seabelle!" And leaping over the railing, he let himself down by the swinging vines and started in pursuit. "She heard my cruel lies. Fool, blind, mad fool that I was to speak as I did! Poor, pitiful coward, ashamed to acknowledge my love for the purest heart on

earth!" he panted, as he hurried on in pursuit of the fleeing girl, who seemed to have wings, so rapidly did she skim the ground, her white drapery fluttering in the sweet evening breeze.

"Seabelle, Seabelle, my darling, come back to me!" was his passionate wailing cry.

She heard the voice, but not the words, and turning for one moment, she waved her little hand.

"What will she do? Can she be so wild—does she intend to drown herself? God forbid! I am all unworthy such love!"

She had gained the shore, had clambered upon the huge overhanging rock, their trysting-place, and turning towards the man who was hastening after with rapid strides, she stretched out her arms imploringly, and cried:

"Farewell, my love, my life! I no longer care to live, since your heart is not mine! God forgive you for deceiving me! My darling, a long good-by!"

She gave a flying leap just as Sydney Morton touched the rock, and the sea closed over the slight young form.

"I am coming, too, darling!" he cried, as he also plunged into the deep waters.

Twice he clutched her long bright hair, but it slipped from his grasp; the third time he was more successful, and drawing her up slowly, he clasped her closely with one arm and started for the shore.

There they found them; for Fred Langly had aroused the proprietor of the hotel, and hastened to the spot with quite a number attending him. Seabelle was resting calmly in the arms of her lover, both seemingly asleep. But no; their death-white faces told a different story.

"She is dead!" pronounced the old gray-haired physician, as he knelt upon the sands. "Morton is only insensible." And pouring some restorative between his lips, he chafed his hands and cold limbs until the great dark eyes opened, and the blue lips syllabled the one word, "Seabelle!"

"Take her up gently and bear her to the house," continued the physician.

"No, no, not yet! Assist me," spoke the husky voice of the prostrate man. And when placed upon his feet, he looked first upon the marble-like form before him, and then upon the assembled crowd.

"Hear me, all of you who are looking upon this cold corpse, I *murdered* her!

Yes, I am her murderer, for I swear before high Heaven that I *did* and *do* love her more than aught else on earth! I said that I did not love her, cowardly fool that I was! ashamed to confess my love for that sweet being! The falsehood was base and black, and my darling cast herself into the merciless sea! Take me; I *give* myself into your hands, for I murdered my love, my darling Seabelle!"

Kneeling by the side of the lifeless form, he called on Seabelle by every endearing name that love could offer, and plead with her to forgive his cruel words, for his heart was hers; neither time, death, nor dark waters could tear their hearts asunder.

Years, fraught with hope and despair, joy and sorrow, love and hatred, moved on

and swelled the mighty storehouse of the past, and again the summer twilight softly gathered her fleecy veil alike over the sad and merry, grave and gay. The moon poured forth her pale radiance and lighted up the silvery spray, while softly down through the purple skies fell the holy starlight, eyes of the angels peering over the crystal walls to keep guard over that lone grave beneath the jutting rock by the sea, the mournful merciless sea, and the one silvery-haired sad-eyed mourner, kneeling with bowed head upon the marble anchor, bearing the simple name, "SEABELLE."

"Now night has folded her dusky mantle down,
And reigns over land and lea;
While the desolate Morton all alone
'Keeps guard' by the mournful sea."